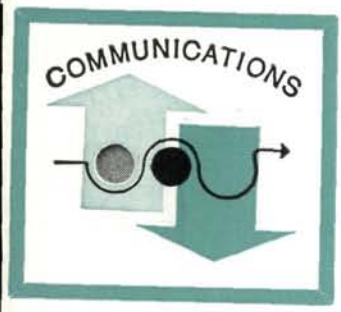
# Saturday Review

AUGUST 12, 1961 / 25¢


## CRITICISM: A MANY-WINDOWED HOUSE

By Malcolm Cowley




## A LAW SCHOOL FIGHTS GRADUATE ILLITERACY

By Thomas M. Cooley II

*Stuart Whitman in "The Mark"* *(See Movies)*

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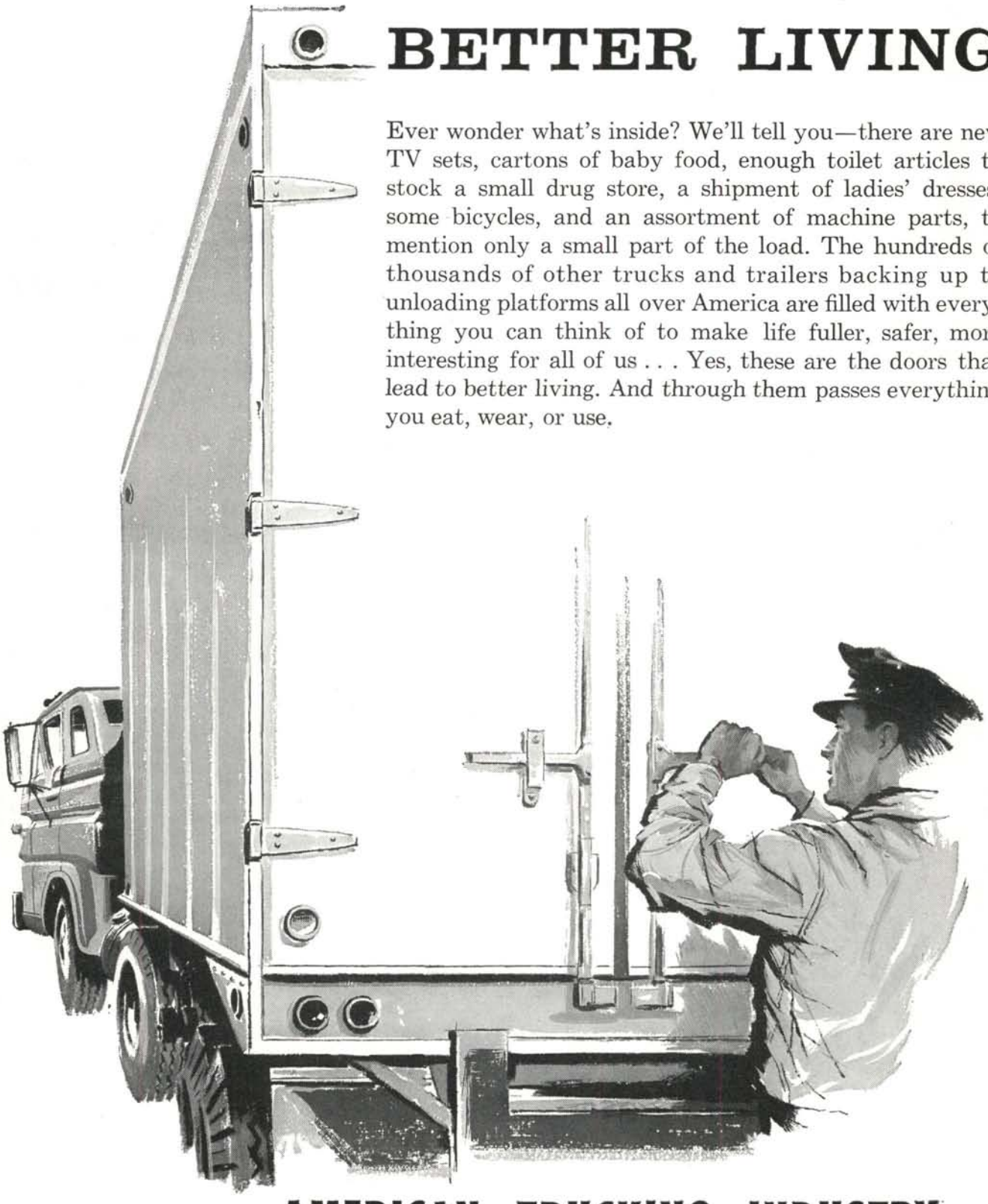

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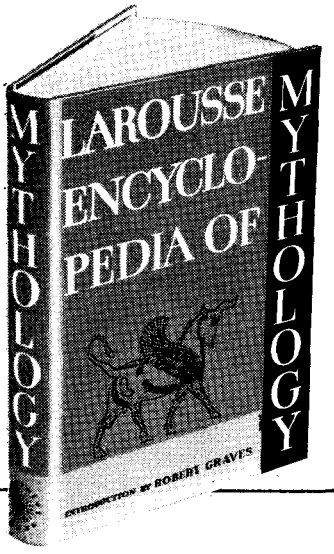


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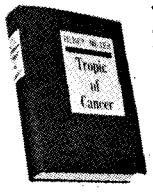


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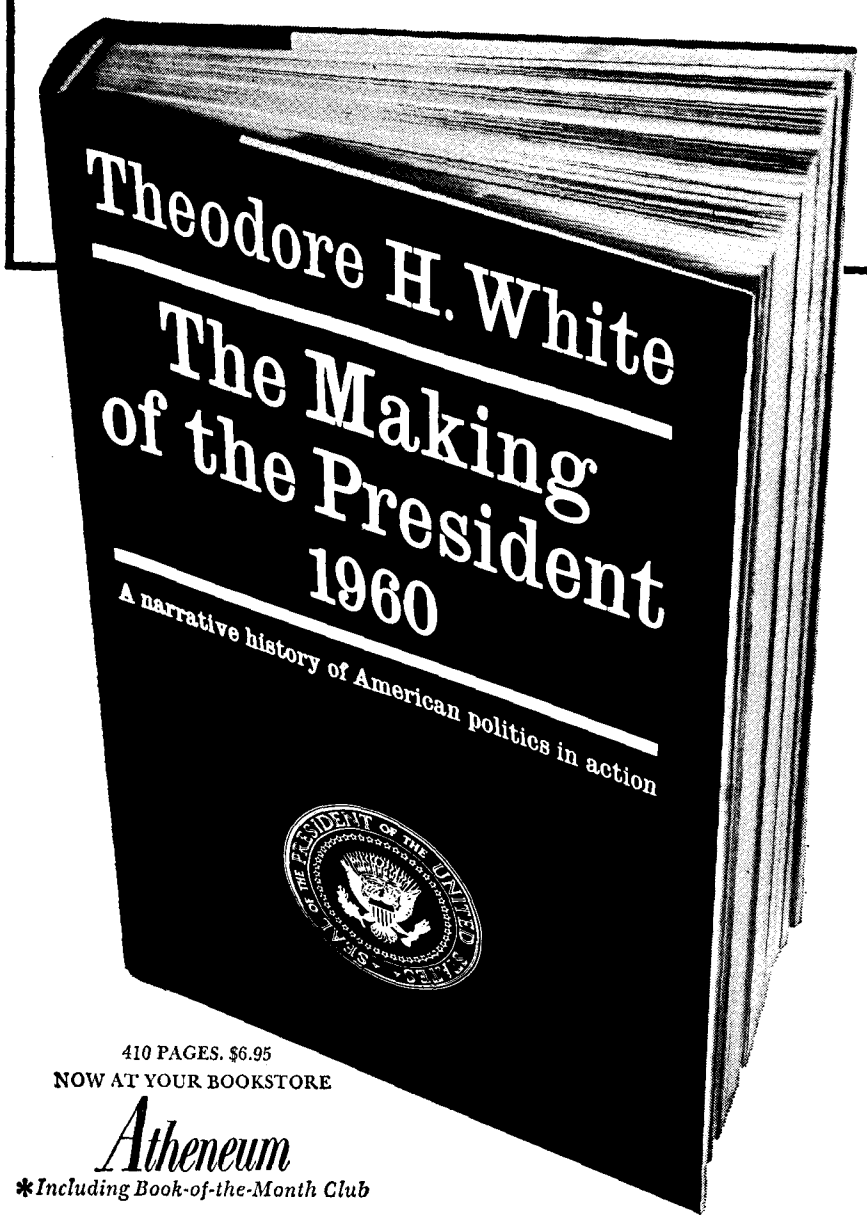


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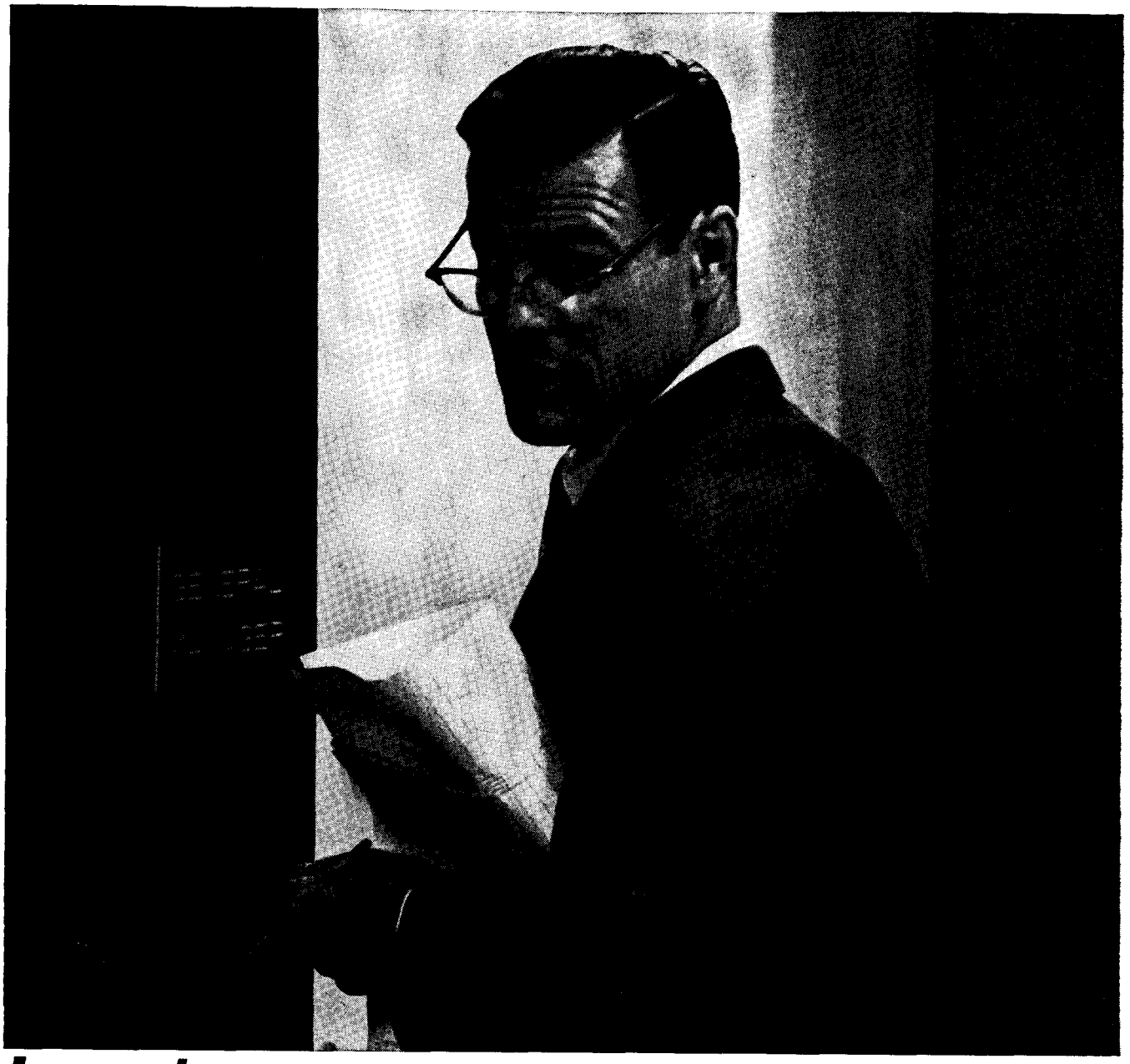

**Impostor** He calls himself a manager. And he can back his claim with the title on the door and his M.B.A. diploma on the wall. Ask him about mark-ups, inventories or profits, and he'll fire back facts and figures fast. But ask him *more*. Question him about sit-ins, disarmament, corporations' responsibilities to society, the wide and rapidly-moving world in which he lives. He'll argue, "That's not in my job description." But isn't it, really? Mustn't a business manager, worthy of the title, possess more than good business skills? Can he forget the fact that he and his firm are, after all, only in business to satisfy human needs? If so, isn't a manager who forgets *man* an impostor?

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From your tootsies right up to your chin.
Treat yourself to a Spanish Geranium lark,
Join the ranks of the pungently proud,
And in case you should flounder and drown in the dark,
You will smell extra sweet in your shroud.

—William W. Pratt.

• • •

### GOODBYE, MR. HENRY BAILEY

NEXT WEEK, Mr. Henry Bailey will be returning to London because he refused to say oh instead of zero. Let me explain.

Six months ago I met Mr. Henry Bailey on the platform of the Victoria Station of the London Underground Railway. He was a platform guard. I was charmed with his sincerity and good manners. When he observed my uncertainty he came up to me, called me sir, and asked if he could be of service. I told him where I wanted to go and he stayed by my side until the correct train arrived. Then he ushered me into the train, saw that I was seated, said goodbye, and told me to have a good day, sir.

Here, I said to myself, was a gentleman. He was one of the few men I've met who could say sir without making it sound like a controlled snake hiss. I wanted to do something nice for him.

When I returned to the Victoria Station two days later, I engaged Mr. Bailey in conversation. I was delighted when I learned his ambition was to come to the United States and get a job as railroad platform attendant. Like many another long-time commuter on the New Haven, I am not without influence with the line. A discreet word here, a string pulled there—and before long I was able to write Mr. Bailey that a job awaited him in New York. He would be a gateman; that is, he would open the gate twenty minutes or so before train departure, announce the train time at regular intervals, then close the gate.

The first time I saw Mr. Bailey at his job, I knew that Grand Central had never known a prouder or more conscientious gateman. He wore the regular American conductor-type uniform, but he kept the English formal wing collar and four-in-hand tie. When he called out the time of the train, it was in a full-bodied, musical voice. I noticed that the commuters were startled out of their self-propulsion mood long enough to appreciate the new elegance that had entered their darting, noisy lives.

Then it happened.

"This is the track for the six-zero-two," Mr. Bailey sang out.

I told Mr. Bailey that in the United States the correct expression was six-oh-two, and that there was some danger that commuters who heard him say six-zero-two might not get the message.

Mr. Bailey thanked me cordially and I went through the gate to my train. A few seconds later I heard Mr. Bailey sing out the time again in his sincere musical voice. "This is the track for the six-zero-two to New Haven," he baritoned.

I was afraid Mr. Henry Bailey was in for trouble and I was right. At first, his fellow gatemen thought he was kidding. Then, when they found out that Mr. Bailey was not the kidding type, they advised him to drop the zeros and use the ohs. They said it was especially awkward when Mr. Bailey called out the trains that left on the hour. "This is the track for the three-zero-zero to Boston," he would call out in his sincere manner.

Mr. Bailey thanked his fellow attendants for their advice but held to his zeros. It was inevitable that the chief gate attendant would pursue the matter. Again Mr. Bailey listened politely, thanked the gentleman for his thoughtfulness, and proceeded to sing out zeros instead of ohs.

You know the rest of the story. Mr. Bailey was finally told that oh was standard railroad operating procedure

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in the United States, that the commuters were being confused, and that if he wanted to stay at Grand Central he would have to conform.

When next I saw Mr. Henry Bailey at the gate he was out of uniform but he was still wearing his high wing-tip collar and four-in-hand. He said he wanted to bid me goodbye. He liked America very much indeed and had the greatest respect for the American people but he had been brought up to believe that there was a correct way and a wrong way to do everything. The correct way was zero; the wrong way was oh. He was going back to London and would reapply at the Victoria Street Station of the London Underground Railway.

—CULL PEPPER.

• • •

## ASTRONAUT'S CHOICE

The scientists sit long of nights
Over their weighty calculations—
How to put a man in space,
Clothe him, warm him, feed him rations,
Bring him safely back to earth
By well-planned decelerations.

How is it that they do not see
There is a graver risk by far?
Perhaps with atom bombs and taxes
And world crises as they are,
Their astronaut may choose to settle
Down upon the farthest star.

—M. M. DARCY.

• • •

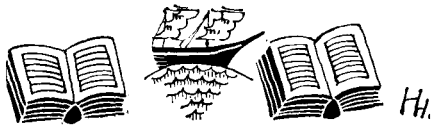
## "THE BRITISH HAVE NO HUMOR"

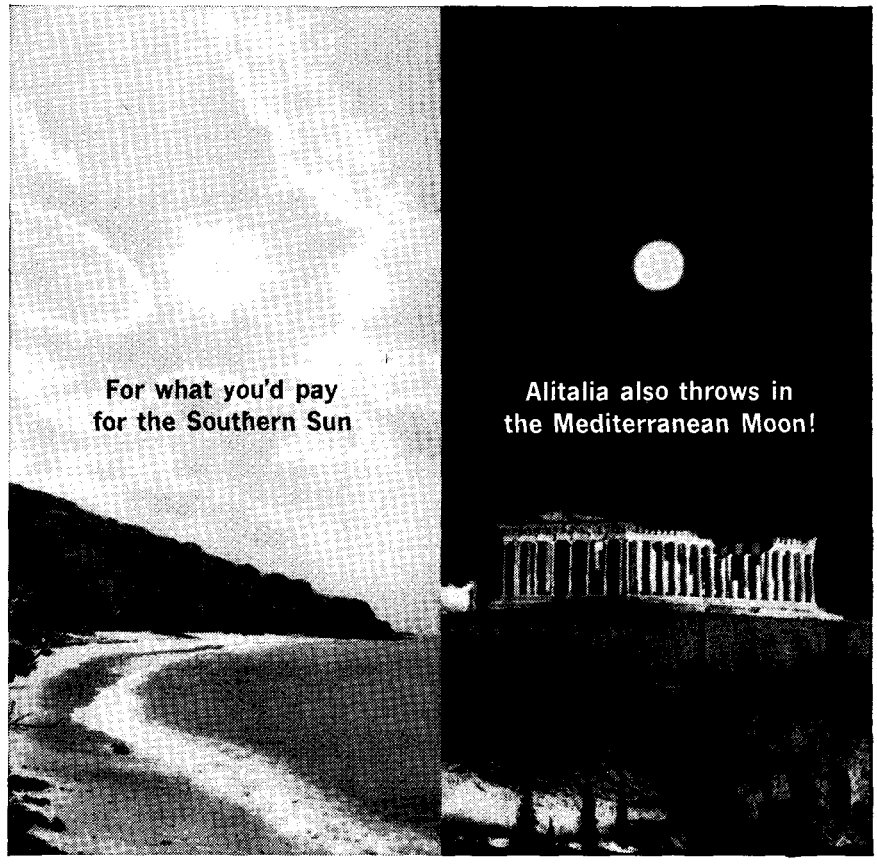
AT THE time of the recent trial for obscenity of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in England, a Member of Parliament gave the book some qualified support.

"I have read this book," he announced. "I would not object to my wife reading it. I would not object to my daughter reading it. But I'm not so sure I'd want my gamekeeper to read it."

And in a debate in the House of Lords a tiresome member had been speaking at excessive length. During his peroration he said, "And now I have to ask myself—" An impatient voice interrupted him.

"Well, you're going to get a damned silly answer." —HOWARD LINDSAY.

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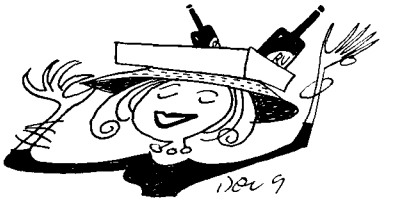
# TRADE Winds

**AS A NATION,** we must be getting soft as grapes. A New York store, Hammacher Schlemmer, has come along with an electronic golf computer, at a neat $1,595, which you can set up in your own living room; it figures out how far your drive has traveled, and whether you've hooked, sliced, or soared straight and true. Now you won't have to bother driving out to the golf club; although if you should have to face that problem, the same store offers an air-conditioned car seat which you probably will not be able to bear leaving in favor of the hot fairways. And in case you should be driving a Rolls Royce, the only thing which can disturb you is that clock in the dashboard. Clark Slayman, a Madison Avenue man, reports that ever since the advertising campaign claiming that the clock is the loudest noise you hear in a speeding Rolls, a sign has been posted in the offices of BBD&O reading: "What's *wrong with the clock in the Rolls* Royce?"

**BUT THERE ARE** plenty of things wrong elsewhere on the current scene. Fred Kerner, chief editor at Fawcett World Library, reports that he wrote a letter to an outfit which had developed a rapid-reading comprehension program, saying he might publish a book about its method. By return mail, he received a mimeographed form letter informing him that this institution could not possibly give him a course by mail. The book idea was dropped.

**EVEN OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,** haven of accuracy in this best of all possible worlds, is not exempt from error these days. In a press release about a new book on the highest mountain peak in Europe, this venerable publisher refers to the title as "Most Blanc and the Seven Valleys."



**THE NEW YORK *TIMES,*** normally another haven of accuracy, recently described a whopping new costume which will have to be seen to be believed. *Describing the safe return to Miami of* a passenger on the airliner recently hijacked by a Cuban, the *Times* wrote: ". . . she wore a new straw hat and a cardboard carton containing two bottles of Cuban rum."

**THE HALLS OF SIMON AND SCHUSTER** are having their bout with error. Twisted titles listed in letters recently received by their order department have been: "The Iceman in the Bedroom" (instead of "The Ice in the Bedroom," by P. G. Wodehouse); "The Poisons in Your Foot" (for William Longwood's book on food); and "The Feet in the Window" (for David Bergamini's novel, "The Fleet in the Window").

**RELIGION ITSELF IS NOT** exempt from all this confusion. Holt, Rinehart and Winston report that they received a letter which read:

"Dear Sir: Your company was recommend to me by a fiend. He told me that I could get things on the Bible from your company. . . ."

And Hawthorn Books reports that their forthcoming book "The Fulton J. Sheen Sunday Missal" inspired one young priest to say: "All of us will welcome such a well-guided missal."

**FROM NIAGARA FALLS,** Regina Sauro sends a clipping about a book returned to a public library, in which a fried egg had been used as a page marker. "Obviously," she writes, "it was read by an egghead."

**WITH ALL OF THIS** tending to turn the world upside down, it's no wonder that a customer in a bookstore reported that he thought the new Longmans, Green title "Charge!" (The story of the battle of San Juan Hill) was a non-fiction entry about the Diners' Club.

**OUR RECENT REPORT** on the eventual elimination of exchange names by the telephone company has brought further lamentations. Dan Blumenthal, of New York, writes to tell us that he can always remember the number of the New York Public Library by its academic-sounding exchange (OXford) and by the fact that the building stands at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street (5-4200). With the new all-number system, many other fond associations will be lost, including the number for the New York Sons of the American Revolution, who now have HAnover 2-1776. From Ohio, Anna Beattie writes to lament the passing of an exchange already fallen to the all-number system. The name of the ex-

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change: JUno. The address of one customer: Mt. Parnassus.

One further item: The New York Telephone Company maintains a service for authors and playwrights who need fictional numbers in their plots, to avoid being sued for invasion of privacy. One vital item furnished by the service: the fictional phone number for use on the jacket of Polly Adler's "A House Is Not a Home."

**NORTH OF THE BORDER,** in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Bob Calder reports further evidence of topsy-turvy conditions in the world today. He was startled to find that Dylan Thomas's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog" was placed by a local commercial bookstore between the volumes "Training Your Retriever" and "Caring for Your Pet."

**A VIGOROUS MALCONTENT** about the way things are today is Don Quinn, creator and writer for many years of "Fibber McGee and Molly," "The Halls of Ivy," and other electronic shows.

"Maybe I've got an anarchistic attitude," he writes, "but a poem describes exactly what I feel."

We print it herewith:

*NIX LIBRIS*

I read the Sunday papers,
Featuring modern homes—
Split-level, cantilever stuff,
Patios and solar domes.
I admire the clever kitchens,
Even tricky breakfast nooks,
But think, "If this is gracious living,
Where the hell are all the books?"

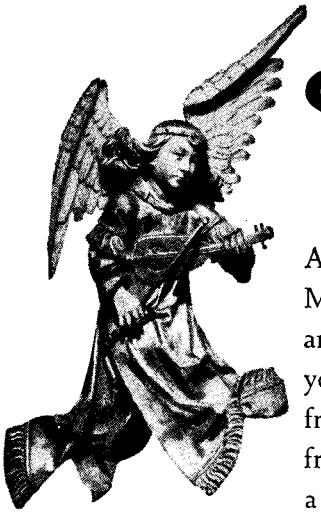
—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1428)

(ISAK) DINESEN:
*SHADOWS ON THE GRASS*

The introduction into my life of another race, essentially different from mine, in Africa became to me a mysterious expansion of my world. My own voice and song in life there had a second set to it, and grew fuller and richer in the duet.

DISTINCTIVE AND UNUSUAL

**CHRISTMAS CARDS**

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled book cover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art *255 Gracie Station, New York 28*

*Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed* $1

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

**Meet *Marnie* the perfect Hitchcock heroine**

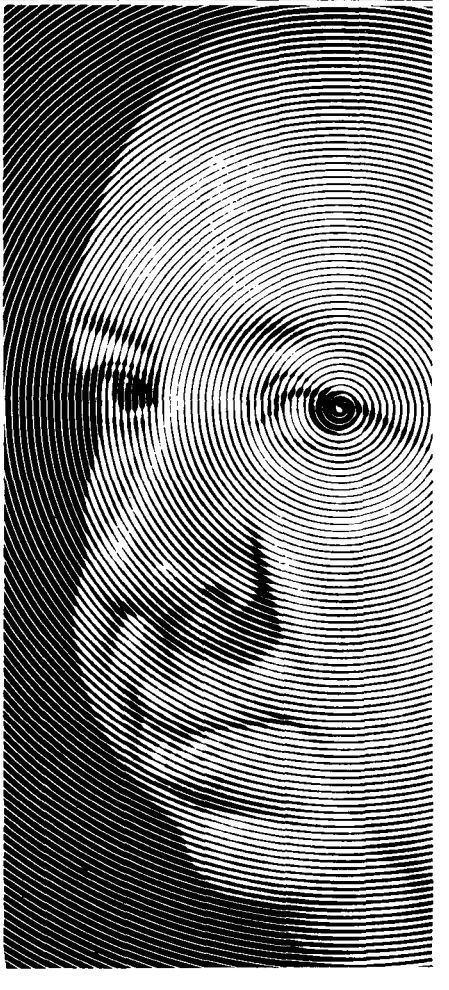
Marnie's story — suspenseful, compelling, characterized by thievery, blackmail and sex — is brilliantly told in the new novel by Winston Graham. Now you can meet one of the most unusual heroines Alfred Hitchcock ever encountered — in

***Marnie***

**A novel by WINSTON GRAHAM**

**A forthcoming Alfred Hitchcock production**

**$3.95 DOUBLEDAY**

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 12, 1961

# CRITICISM:

# A MANY-WINDOWED HOUSE

By MALCOLM COWLEY

ALTHOUGH I have been a literary critic for more than forty years, I must confess that I have not devoted much time to the basic theories of my profession. Partly, that oversight is due to indolence, but it is also the result of what might be called an incest taboo: I have tried to avoid critical endogamy and inbreeding. Instead of dealing critically with the critical critics of criticism, I have preferred to be a critic of poems and novels, or at most a literary historian. More recently, however, I have defied the taboo by reviewing several big critical works, and I have been dismayed to find that many of them were so badly written as to reveal a sort of esthetic deafness, that some of them were contemptuous of writers and writing—except as the raw material of critical works—and that most of them were episodes in the battle among critical systems, one or another of which we were being cannonaded into accepting as the only true critical faith.

When I tried to compare the systems in order to find a faith for myself, it seemed to me that each of them led to a different but equally specialized and partial standard for judging works of art. Thus, for historical critics the best book is the one that either sums up a historical movement or else has directly influenced history. For biographical critics it is the one most intimately connected with the author's life. For psychoanalytical critics it is the one that reveals how the author sublimated his antisocial desires. For expressionist critics of the Crocean school, the standard is sincerity and spontaneity of expression. For moral critics—who were dominant in this country as late as the 1920s—the best books are those which embody philosophical truths or inculcate the highest moral lessons. For political critics they are the books that advance a political cause, and this, during the 1930s, was usually that of international revolution. Each of these standards is inescapable, being derived from the method itself. Often the critic says, "I do not judge, I merely explain," yet the standard is revealed, if nowhere else, in his choice of books for explication.

In the 1960s all those standards have fallen into critical disfavor. The presently accepted system of approaching works of art is one that attempts to purify criticism by purging it of everything that might be regarded as an extraneous element or, to use the fashionable word, as a fallacy. Out go the historical fallacy, the social fallacy, the moral fallacy, the personal fallacy, the genetic fallacy, the affective fallacy. Out goes the author's life; out goes his social background; out goes the audience for which he wrote; out goes the political meaning of his work; out goes its moral effect. What is supposed to remain after this cathartic process is the work itself, as pure act without antecedents or relevance or results: simply the words in their naked glory. They are the purified subject of the system known as textual or integral criticism, or less exactly—since the term has several meanings—as the "new" criticism.

Like all other systems, this one involves a standard of judgment derived from the method itself. Let me quote from an essay by John V. Hagopian, who is one of the ablest of the new critics. "The critic's duty," he says—and of course there is no question of the critic's or the reader's pleasure—"is to determine as nearly as he can what feeling-qualities are embodied in the form-content of the work, how they are embodied there, and how well. . . . He has no other task; evaluations of historical significance, autobiographical expression, moral goodness, or philosophical truths are purely gratuitous for criticism, even though"—a generous concession—"they may be valuable to other disciplines of the humanities." Then, after this rejection of other standards, Mr. Hagopian offers an effective but still, it seems to me, oversimplified standard of his own. "Given two literary works," he says, "which are equally successful in resolving an artistic problem, the critics can choose the more important one by determining which has integrated the greatest amount of complexity."

To put Mr. Hagopian's statement in slightly different words, the critic pretends that every work of literature is completely autonomous, and then judges it by the complexity of its inner relations. He could find worse standards. The new or integral system of evaluating works has yielded some precious illuminations and has proved to be an effective method of teaching literature. It does, however, involve a disturbing amount of make-believe. Let's pretend that the poem or story

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was written at no particular date in no particular country. Let's pretend that it has no relation with any other work by the same author, or with any tendencies prevailing among a group of authors. Let's pretend that it can be interpreted and judged with no material except the text itself, and perhaps a few commentaries by other textual critics.

All those pretenses are hard to maintain. Literature is not a pure art like music, or a relatively pure art like painting and sculpture. Its medium is not abstract like tones and colors, not inorganic like metal and stone. Instead it uses language, which is a social creation, changing with the society that created it. The study of any author's language carries us straight into history, institutions, moral questions, personal stratagems, and all the other esthetic impurities or fallacies that many new critics are trying to expunge.

Nor is that the only reason why these critics cannot be consistent in applying their own standard of judgment. As soon as they admit that a given work of literature was not self-produced but had an author—as soon as they admit that he wrote other works, some of which preceded and some followed the work in question—they are violating the purity of their method and are becoming, if ever so faintly, biographical critics. As soon as they admit that the work may have been affected by other authors, or may have exerted an effect on them, they are becoming historical. As soon as they admit that the work was written for an audience, they are deviating into sociology. As soon as they admit that it had or might have had an effect on the conduct of that audience, they have to introduce moral notions; there is no escaping them. As soon as they discuss or even hint at the author's intentions, they are becoming psychological. Criticism too is a literary art, and like other forms of literature it is impure by definition.

Some critics have looked for a way out of this dilemma by denying that criticism is an art and by claiming a place for it among the sciences. In order to make it a science, however, they have to subject it to another process of purgation. This time they have to remove all its subjective elements, including the critic's feelings about the work and also including the author of the work, whose mere presence may be a source of nonconformity to scientific laws. Why not simply abolish the author—or if he can't be abolished, why not rule him out of consideration?

That radical but, in the circumstances, necessary step was taken some years ago by professors W. K. Wimsatt,

(*Continued on page* 46)

—*Stanford Unversity.*

**"WRITERS."** Malcolm Cowley has said, "often speak of 'saving their energy,' as if each man were given a nickel's worth of it, which he is at liberty to spend . . . . To me, the mind of a poet resembles Fortunatus's purse: the more spent, the more it supplies." The formula seems to work: four decades of strenuous interaction with literary movements and personalities seem only to have intensified Mr. Cowley's passion for his calling.

His zest for things literary dates from the days when, as a teen-ager in a Pittsburgh high school, he fantasized about becoming a big-time drama critic, with a mistress on the side. After several years at Harvard, and a World War I hitch driving ambulances and munitions trucks in France, he settled in Paris during the early Twenties and began to absorb the understanding of literary trends that informs his comments in the accompanying article. Pound, Hemingway, Hart Crane, and other Paris-in-the-Twenties expatriates were Mr. Cowley's friends, and he was initiated into the mysteries of Dadaism, Surrealism, and other contemporary movements.

When he returned to the States in the mid-Twenties, he was swept into the gravitational field centering on the Algonquin Hotel group, whose inner circle was part literary, part theatrical, and part indescribable. "The literary business was booming like General Motors," he has written of the Algonquin circle, ". . . In this distinguished vaudeville there wasn't much place for angry young men without parlor tricks who talked seriously about the problems of their craft." Refusing to be deflected from his essentially serious purpose, he began to turn out first-rate critical essays, meanwhile supporting himself rather precariously by holding down a job on *Sweet's Architectural Catalogue,* and by translating a variety of French works for publishing houses. When the job with *Sweet's* ended, he turned to free-lancing, and life became even more of a hard scrabble. Eventually, he became book editor of the *New Republic,* and by the mid-Thirties he was ready to sum up and make sense of his hectic life as a charter member of the Lost Generation. His volume of reminiscences about Paris and New York, "Exile's Return" (1934), was called by Lloyd Morris "The most vivacious of all accounts of literary life during the fabulous 1920s. . . . [It] offers an intimate, realistic portrait of the era that produced a renaissance in American fiction and poetry."

A pioneer exurbanite, Mr. Cowley settled permanently in Connecticut during the Thirties, and has since written several well-received books, "After the Genteel Tradition" (1937), "Books That Changed Our Minds" (1939), and "The Literary Situation" (1954); he has also edited compact versions of works by Hemingway, Whitman, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Hawthorne, and has contributed articles and book reviews to *SR* and other journals. He is currently writing a study of American literature in the twentieth century.

Despite the fascination that literary trends and theories hold for him, Mr. Cowley has remained steadfastly undoctrinaire. "One thing I know for certain," he has said. "There is no single theory of the function of art that has not finally confined and narrowed and impoverished art." —HALLOWELL BOWSER

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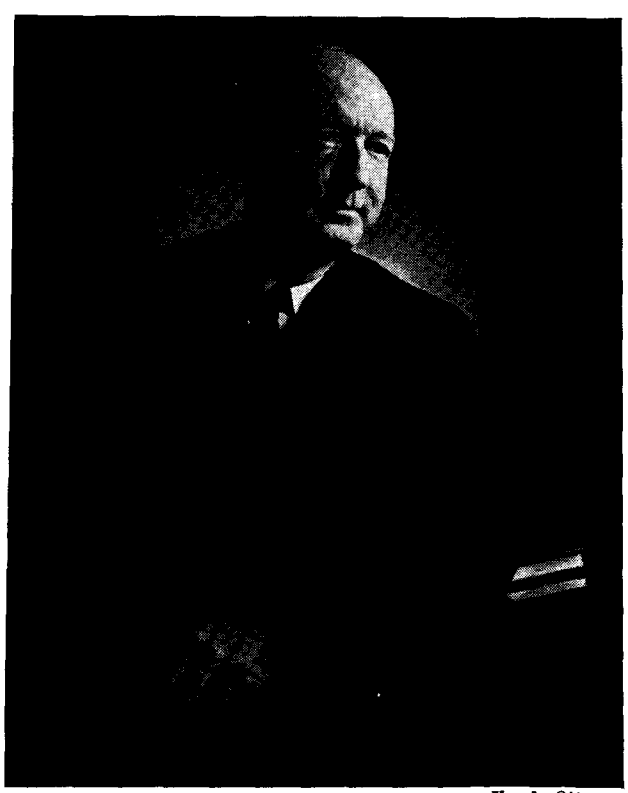
# DISSENTING OPINION AS A CREATIVE ART

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

WE AMERICANS, with our traditional regard for quantity, have a ready tendency to equate dissent with defeat. While we are proud of our hardy, objecting ancestors, most of us leave the premises quietly if the final returns are against us, sometimes with a faint sense of guilt at being outnumbered.

No such defensive role for the dissenter was envisioned for us by the Founding Fathers, nor is it evident in the history of the Supreme Court of the United States. Many of the great movements in Constitutional law in the past seventy-five years were initiated by the dissenting opinions of Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and Black. These were opinions not to be trifled with.

If we explore the Black country, the world of Justice Black's dissenting opinions, we see that if we lived there we should be living in a different atmosphere. The protections accorded the accused in criminal cases would be extended. Aliens would be treated almost as well as citizens. The protection of the Fifth Amendment would be broadened. It would be regarded as guaranteeing the right to be silent; the waiver of the privilege would be more narrowly interpreted; and no governmental penalty of any kind could be inflicted on a witness availing himself of it. The immemorial rule permitting the trial of criminal contempts without a jury would be abolished. So would blue-ribbon juries. The rights of labor unions to picket peacefully and to engage in political activity would be widened. No test oaths of any sort would be permitted. Censorship, obscenity legislation, and group libel would be unconstitutional. A corporation would not be a person within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment, contrary to the rule ever since Roscoe Conkling, by carefully editing history, convinced the Court many years ago. The Federal Government would be held to have completely pre-empted the field of repressing subversion. The House Un-American Activities Committee would be regarded as an un-American activity. The whole of the Bill of Rights would operate against the states. The doctrine that the necessities of the community must be balanced against the rights of the citizen, so that the citizen usually loses, would go. Neither subway conductors nor applicants for admission to the bar would be declared unreliable because they refused to answer questions about membership in the Communist Party.



—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

**Justice Hugo Black—a pathfinder for the minority.**

When we recall that all the great movements in constitutional law in the last seventy-five years have been initiated by dissenting opinions, we recognize that such opinions are not to be trifled with. We ought to make up our minds whether we like the Black country. We may find ourselves living in it.

I can't say I like Black country just because a historical investigation of what the Founding Fathers meant convinces me that they intended us to live there. Such investigations are likely to be as fruitless as those the Court refers to in the desegregation decision, or those through which the Fund for the Republic tried to determine the historical origins of the religion clauses of the First Amendment.

I can't say I like Black country just because the precise words of the Constitution compel me to. The plain language of constitutions, statutes, and precedents requires interpretation. The precise words of the religion clauses of the First Amendment are as precise as any other words of the Constitution. The phrase "separation of Church and State" does not appear in that document. Still less is there any talk therein of a high and impregnable wall of separation.

These words have not always seemed to be precise and plain even to the judicial mind, as the praiseworthy changes of that mind in the flag-salute cases show. In 1934 Chief Justice Hughes said, delivering the opinion of the Court, "The vast body of law which has been developed was unknown to the fathers, but it is believed to have preserved the essential content and the spirit of the Constitution . . . This development is a growth from the seeds which the fathers planted." If I understand Mr. Justice Black, he believes that the Founding Fathers meant us to learn. They meant us to learn how to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquillity, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity. They founded a political community; a community learning together to discover and achieve the common good, the elements of which they set forth, but did not elucidate, in the Preamble. The reliance on us to continue learning is evident in every line of the Constitution and in the brevity of the whole.

The Constitution is to be interpreted, therefore, as a charter of learning. We are to learn how to develop the seeds the Fathers planted under the conditions of our own time. This political botany means that nothing we have learned and no process of learning could be unconstitutional. What

(*Continued on page* 35)

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# From Poe Through Faulkner

By Granville Hicks

TWAYNE PUBLISHERS has undertaken an ambitious project, the United States Authors Series, under the general editorship of Sylvia E. Bowman, professor of English at Indiana University. More than seventy volumes are planned, covering the whole range of American literature but with strong emphasis on the moderns. The contributors to the series, almost without exception, are college teachers, and the publishers obviously have an eye on the academic market.

The first five volumes in the series have just been released. They are rather small books, running to about 150 pages, and costing $3.50 apiece. Each has an annotated bibliography. The subjects of these first five are a classic American writer, a neglected figure of the late nineteenth century, and three contemporaries.

Vincent Buranelli's **"Edgar Allan Poe"** begins by examining the problem of Poe's normality. There is more emphasis today, he notes, on Poe's normal traits, and he believes that this is good. However, he proceeds to describe some abnormal traits, and he says, "The relevance of his pathological psychology to his work seems evident." But then he comes back to the normal traits, and arrives at this extraordinary conclusion: "Considering the personal tragedies, psychological pressures, and social hostilities with which he was afflicted, his objectivity is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of American, or world, literature. Poe is the sanest of our writers."

For the rest, Buranelli discusses soberly enough Poe's short stories, poetry, and criticism. If he says little that is fresh, he rarely makes absurd claims, and he is quite aware of Poe's faults. In spite of this, however, he concludes by calling Poe "America's greatest writer, and the American writer of greatest significance in world literature." For the latter part of this claim a case can be made, but the first part is ridiculous.

Harold Frederic wrote one good novel, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," and two or three fairly interesting ones. Certainly he deserves to be remembered as a pioneer realist, though he also had a romantic vein. Thomas F. O'Donnell and Hoyt C. Franchere, who had been working independently on this writer, have combined to write the first full-length study to be published. They have been diligent in research, and their **"Harold Frederic"** gives a full account of his career as a newspaperman in Utica, Albany, and London.

In the critical chapters the authors discuss each of Frederic's books, devoting most space, as is proper, to "Theron Ware." In spite of the attention they give it, however, they do not quite succeed in suggesting why it deserves to be remembered. On the other hand, they considerably exaggerate the merits of the later novels.

Warren French in **"John Steinbeck"** attacks those critics who tend to dismiss Steinbeck altogether because of the inferiority of his later work. The early work, he argues, remains important, and of course he is right. "I cannot agree," he says, "with those who would write Steinbeck off as not even a serious writer. His failures by no means cancel out his successes."

On the other hand, French does not try to minimize the weaknesses of Steinbeck's books of the past twenty years, though he does manage to say a few kind words for "The Short Reign of Pippin IV." When he tries to explain the decline, he does not get very far. The death of Ed Ricketts, Steinbeck's close friend and adviser, was, he thinks, one factor; removal from California was another. But on the whole we have a mystery, and an unhappy one.

Rex Burbank's **"Thornton Wilder"** is the first book-length study of this author, who has on the whole received less critical attention than he deserves. Wilder has not been greatly productive and Burbank is able to discuss in some detail all of the novels and plays, including the early one-act plays. What he has to say is always suggestive, and he usually hits the nail on the head. (I don't agree with some of his unfavorable comments on "The Skin of Our Teeth," which I regard as the best of Wilder's plays.)

Burbank is particularly successful in showing the essential unity of Wilder's work, which has been obscured by the variety of the forms he has used. Wilder's thinking has, of course, changed, but at the core, as Burbank shows, he has remained a humanist. He has left behind the rather simple piety of some of the early work, and has come to show a certain kinship with the existentialists, but the same set of problems has concerned him at every stage of his career.

Many books and countless articles have been written about Faulkner, and some have shown more striking insights than Frederick J. Hoffman's **"William Faulkner"** in the Twayne series, but it seems to me as useful an introduction as one could ask for. Hoffman begins with a brilliant survey of the dominant patterns of Faulkner's work as a whole, and he then discusses, necessarily rather briefly, each of the novels.

Hoffman is particularly good in analyzing Faulkner's increasing self-consciousness in recent years. He has sought to embody in his novels the affirmations he made in his famous address accepting the Nobel Prize, but he has not been altogether successful. Hoffman does not push the argument so far as he might, does not sharply contrast this later work with the work of the great period, does not ask himself what it is that Faulkner has lost. He does, however, show clearly what Faulkner has recently been trying to do, and it is important that this should be understood.

TWO of the books, then, are good, sound studies that contribute to the appreciation of their subjects. Two can only be called mediocre. One is hopelessly marred by absurd judgments. I hope the series as a whole will do better, but two good books out of five isn't a bad average.

Although I haven't much room to talk about it, I want to mention the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers, a series that was started a couple of years ago. Each pamphlet contains forty-eight pages and costs sixty-five cents. Among those that have appeared are Philip Young's on Ernest Hemingway, Lawrence Thompson's on Robert Frost, William Van O'Connor's on William Faulkner, and Leon Edel's on Henry James. These men and many of the other contributors are recognized authorities on their subjects, and what they have to offer in these brief pamphlets is a kind of summing up. The result is usually stimulating and helpful for the general reader as well as for the student.

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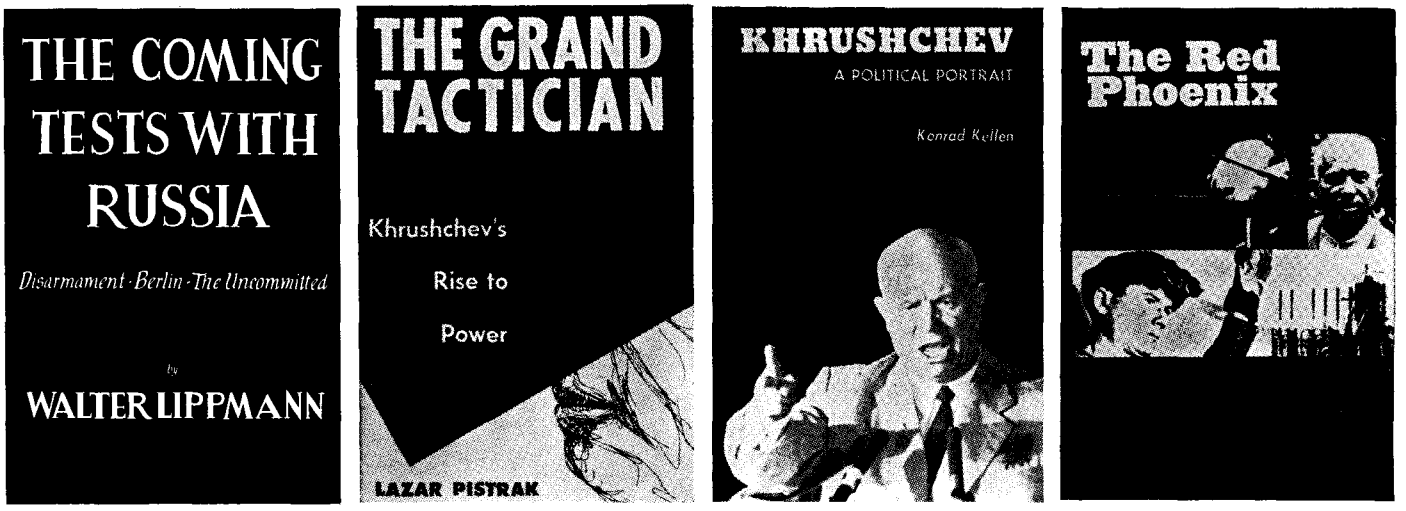
*Books in the News*




# Khrushchev on Cuba and Berlin

By David J. Dallin, *author of "The Changing World of Soviet Russia" and other books.*

THE FLOW of books on Nikita Khrushchev, which has been increasing in the last few years, will probably go on and may surpass the large output of books on Stalin. The shortest among the works on Khrushchev that have appeared thus far is also one of the most important: **"The Coming Tests with Russia"** (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $2.50), a report by Walter Lippmann about his interview with the Communist leader on April 10, 1961, supplemented by a few pages of the author's own observations and conclusions. (The interview was first reported on by him in his column in the New York *Herald Tribune.*) In Moscow Mr. Lippmann is the most highly favored of all Western journalists because of his political leanings in international affairs, and his columns in the *Herald Tribune* have often been reprinted in *Pravda.*

The interview took place at Khrushchev's beautiful summer retreat on the Black Sea. Including dining, drinking, and badminton, the meeting lasted eight hours. From Mr. Lippmann's report Khrushchev emerges not only as a man of vigor and shrewdness, but also as a stubborn doctrinarian with a blind belief in the theory that "capitalism" rules over the policies of the United States, while "socialism" governs his own world; in Khrushchev's eyes "capitalism" in America is personified by "Rockefeller." "There is no difference between Governor Rockefeller and his grandfather"; it is due to this collective "Rockefeller" that the United States is not in a position to accelerate its economic growth, and in this respect President Kennedy will not be able to achieve better results than Eisenhower.

In the course of the interview, which took place before the operation in Cuba, Khrushchev was in a position not only to tell his American guest about the forthcoming invasion but even to furnish some details of it. He predicted that there would be a landing of Cuban refugees, armed and supported by the United States, but no direct American military operation. (Khrushchev's source of information was certainly Castro, who had his secret informants among the Cuban refugees in the United States.) The Soviet Union, Khrushchev said, would "oppose" the United States in Cuba by propaganda and diplomacy – by which Mr. Lippmann understood Khrushchev to mean a political, not military, opposition. This would contradict the repeated official statements and unofficial pledges made by Khrushchev to the leaders of the Cuban government.

As Khrushchev sees it, the main problem in world affairs – the Berlin problem – concerns more than the issue of Berlin; it is tied up with the issue of West Germany's rearmament. He would be ready, Khrushchev told Mr. Lippmann, to conclude an agreement with the Western powers on the pattern of the compromise offered by Gromyko in 1959 and permit Western military contingents to remain in Berlin only if the settlement is limited to a few years. This was the extent of his concessions. He made it clear that if the West did not agree, he would act unilaterally. On the other hand, even if a settlement of the Berlin problem should be achieved in accordance with his program, this would only prod him to continue activity until the danger from West Germany, as he sees it, is over.

Khrushchev's remarks about atomic weapons are of special interest: the Soviet Union, he said, is not interested in small atomic weapons. "The smaller ones are very expensive and they can decide nothing. The fact that they are expensive doesn't bother you because you don't care what you spend, and what is more, many of your generals are connected with big business."

As to the United Nations, Khrushchev envisioned a time when the West would lose its majority in that body and would begin to use its veto power, as the USSR has been forced to do.

In his own comments Mr. Lippmann states that during the last ten years the United States has, in his view, been "doing exactly what Mr. K. expects us to do," and this is the reason for the Communist successes in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Mr. Lippmann believes that there is only one real alternative to Communism: what he calls, rather nebulously, "a liberal and progressive society."

Konrad Kellen, author of **"Khrushchev: A Political Portrait"** (Praeger, $5), views the Soviet leader chiefly from the point of view of his complicated personality. Only a few years ago we were reading about Nikita Sergeivich's negative characteristics: he was pictured as a drunkard, as intellec-

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tually on a much lower level than others of the Soviet élite, and as a fleeting personality on the Soviet Olympus. He has proved to be much more complicated in both his positive and negative aspects, and much more durable.

Mr. Kellen reviews the various stages of Khrushchev's life from his beginnings in the little Kalinovka village in the Ukraine to his rise to the top of the Kremlin. First a shepherd, then a Donbas miner and locksmith, Khrushchev joined the Communist Party comparatively late (at the age of twenty-four, a year after the October revolution); he received his education—also at a rather late age—at a small provincial so-called Workers' University. He began his political career as a Party worker in the Ukraine. In the ferocious factional fights within the Party he never sided with either the left or the right, but always remained loyal to Stalin. At the height of the Stalin purges, which he himself later denounced in the strongest terms, he not only hailed Stalin, but supported and approved his terroristic policy, including the execution of the leaders of the opposition.

"By lifting their hand against Comrade Stalin," Khrushchev shouted at a meeting, "they lifted it against all of us. . . . By lifting it against Comrade Stalin, they lifted it against the teachings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. By lifting it against Comrade Stalin, they lifted it against all the best humanity possesses. For Stalin is hope. He is expectation. . . . Stalin is our banner! Stalin is our will! Stalin is our victory!"

Khrushchev was among those who, after the death of the old tyrant, came to the fore in the ruling circles of the party, but, according to the author, he was far from being the most liberal among them. Kellen says that Malenkov, the first successor to Stalin, was "firmly committed to liberalization . . . to gentler international relations, to greater intellectual freedom." The author does not say on what he bases this statement, the truth of which is doubtful.

A section of the last part of the book is devoted to answering some questions: What kind of man is Khrushchev? Is he or is he not a materialist? Is he a good Communist? Is he a true believer or a pragmatic politician? Is he a liar? Is he a leader? Is he loyal to his friends? How real is his power? Why is he so evil, or is he evil? It is difficult to apply this method of description to a person one knows only through his writings and speeches and without the benefit of personal contact and observation, and the results would appear questionable. It is doubtful in general whether the policy of the Soviet government can be explained by Khrushchev's psychological and mental characteristics.

# The Steps to the Kremlin

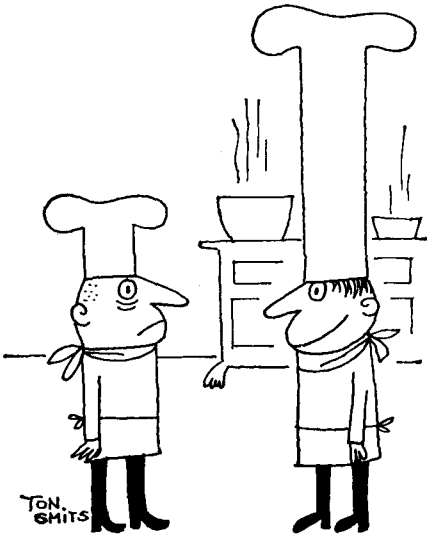
By Hugh Seton-Watson, *who wrote "Neither War Nor Peace."*

IT HAS often been pointed out that there are striking similarities between the rise to power of Stalin between 1922 and 1927 and that of Khrushchev between 1953 and 1957. Both were practical organizers rather than ideological theorists, and both were underrated by their intellectually more brilliant, or more conceited, colleagues, who tended to treat them, with patronizing complacency, as useful assistants to handle all the boring minor jobs to which they themselves were too proud to devote their time. Both also rose to supreme power by controlling the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, with its enormous opportunities of patronage to anyone willing and able to choose and to place his own supporters in key positions. Inevitably therefore one asks oneself, "Is Khrushchev a second Stalin?"

In **"The Grand Tactician: Khrushchev's Rise to Power"** (Praeger, $6) Lazar Pistrak has little to say about Khrushchev's years of greatness, but is able to throw interesting light on his earlier career. He has done an excellent job of combing the Soviet press (in Ukrainian as well as in Russian) of the 1930s for Khrushchev's public utterances during the fateful years of collectivization, the Great Purge, and the Second World War. He has supplemented these with a few reports, inevitably unproven yet plausible, from anti-Soviet sources. No doubt Mr. Pistrak has suffered, and has friends who have suffered, from the actions of Khrushchev and his Party, which makes the denunciatory style of portions of the book understandable. This style may however be regretted, because it will probably repel potential readers and limit the book's influence.

Khrushchev's secret session speech of 1956 denounced the injustices and cruelties of the Great Purge. But Mr. Pistrak shows not only that Khrushchev was involved in the Purge up to the neck, but that he showed a public and brutal enthusiasm for the task which exceeded that of Molotov or Malenkov. Of the leading Communists of the time, only Kaganovich appears to have surpassed Khrushchev, and it was precisely under the patronage of Kaganovich that Khrushchev had made his career in the first instance. In the 1956 speech Khrushchev spoke of Stalin's disastrous interference in the operations of May 1942 around Kharkov, and referred to Lieutenant General K. P. Podlas, "an excellent commander who perished at the front." From the evidence of Soviet officers captured by the Germans in this battle, Mr. Pistrak claims that Khrushchev was personally responsible for effecting Stalin's militarily disastrous orders, and that he forced Podlas to commit suicide. In 1956 Khrushchev also denounced the falsification of history and diffusion of false accusations by Stalin and Yezhov. Yet in the Beria affair Khrushchev falsified the record in the same way.

However, Mr. Pistrak does not believe that Khrushchev will be able to achieve the same position as Stalin, and in this I agree with him. It is not only that he is a different personality, and has arrived at the top at a much later age than his predecessor. It is above all that Soviet society has changed. Though the Communist Party still retains absolute power, it cannot push the people around in the same way as did Stalin in the 1930s. Educated, skilled, and sophisticated persons are much more numerous both inside and outside the Party. Moreover the use of the security police poses different problems. Stalin took over the Cheka-GPU, an organization created essentially for the Civil War, and perfected it into an instrument of totalitarian terror. But Khrushchev, for reasons connected with the power struggle, largely dismantled it, depriving it of many functions and strictly limiting

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the methods to be used in the performance of those that remained. It is one thing to wield an instrument to which a backward and cowed people are accustomed: it is another matter to recreate an organization which has been shorn of its power in response to the demands of a people that is no longer backward or cowed.

However, even if Khrushchev's victory is incomplete, and his power has limits, he is the chief maker of Soviet policy, including foreign policy. Having won power through the Party machine, he is likely to follow a foreign policy that suits the Party—that is, a foreign policy which is more rather than less ideological, more rather than less dedicated to the forcible diffusion of Communist totalitarian government. The fact that Khrushchev is not primarily an ideological theorist does not invalidate this conclusion. Often in history laymen have shown themselves as fanatical as priests. As Khrushchev must see it, Marxist-Leninist "science" as a basis of foreign policy has worked: everywhere in the world "the capitalists" have surrendered, or are surrendering, from Hungary to Cuba and from Laos to the Congo. The half-educated, shrewd, fanatical machine politician who runs the Soviet Union may lack the diabolical grandeur of Stalin, but as a partner in world politics he is likely to be still more uncomfortable.

# Rubles and Rockets

By William Henry Chamberlin, *author of, among other books, "The Russian Revolution, 1917-1921."*

MORE than ten years ago Harry Schwartz, well known as a Russian expert and contributor to the New York *Times*, published one of the best and most comprehensive analyses of the Soviet economy. The production and trade figures of 1950 are, of course, long outdated, for the Soviet Union as for many other countries. In **"The Red Phoenix: Russia Since World War II"** (Praeger, $6) Mr. Schwartz now presents a book of different type, broader in subject matter, dealing with history, politics, and Communist philosophy as well as economics. The contents consist largely of reprints of the author's articles in the *Times* over a period of years, held together by inserted passages designed to coordinate the published material.

Mr. Schwartz starts with a brief discussion of the origins of modern Russia, in which he makes a point well worth remembering: that many of the roots of the Soviet regime are in Russian history, as well as in Marxist ideology. He notes that observers of Russia in 1900 were familiar with such features of the current Soviet scene as "authoritarianism, thought control, bureaucracy, state-encouraged industrial development and scientific achievement." And he presents facts calculated to show that what the Communists inherited from Imperial Russia was neither an industrial desert nor a cultural wilderness. On the contrary, Russian progress in railway and industrial development during the generation before the Revolution was extremely fast and would most probably have so continued, regardless of the political system.

The relative weight of the Soviet Union in the scales of world power has increased formidably since the end of the Second World War. Russian troops are now in the heart of Europe, far west of the highest point of czarist penetration. The most populous country in the world, China, has fallen under Communist rule, although, as Mr. Schwartz shows, this may not be an unmixed source of gratification to the Kremlin.

In an article dated October 17, 1954, he analyzes the welding factors and the stresses and strains of the Moscow-Peiping Axis. Among the former are a common Communist ideology, common opposition to the United States, Chinese dependence on Soviet economic aid. Among the latter are Chinese nationalism, rivalry in such areas as Mongolia and North Korea, and Chinese desire for more help than the Soviet Union can easily grant. Moreover, during the intervening years the stresses have certainly not become less, with the Chinese leaders on occasion accusing Khrushchev of infidelity to the revolutionary principles of Leninism, and Khrushchev hotly denouncing them.

In updating his earlier history of the USSR's economy Mr. Schwartz emphasizes, naturally, the spectacular Soviet progress in rocketry and space exploration and also in heavy industry. He also records the much less satisfactory showing in consumers' goods and especially in agriculture, the latter confirmed by the amount of attention that Khrushchev has been personally devoting to the situation.

Some of the most interesting sections of the book are concerned with what the author could observe during visits to the USSR. Whatever may be the advantages of a state-planned economy, the Soviet experience seems to indicate that it cannot operate without an enormous amount of more or less accepted deceit and corruption. This is reflected in two new words in the Soviet vocabulary, *blat* and *tolkach*. The first means favoritism, or pull. The harassed Soviet manager is often required to fulfill an output goal with inadequate supplies of raw material. That is where his *blat*, his ability to ask favors from influential people for whom he has done favors, is put to the test. The *tolkach* is the irregular middleman, the man who, for a consideration, "knows where to find ten tons of natural rubber or a hundred essential spare parts when everybody who is legally empowered to supply such things swears on the works of Lenin that they are completely unavailable."

Discussing the relaxation of extreme, paralyzing terror that has occurred since the death of Stalin in 1953, the author comes to the conclusion that Khrushchev is the rational head of a bureaucratic dictatorship, while Stalin was the paranoid chief of a secret-police system of total terror.

There is a somber note in some of the concluding passages of the book dealing with the competition between the Soviet and American societies. Mr. Schwartz suggests that any shift of world power in favor of the Communists from 1961-75 comparable to that which took place from 1946-60 might turn into reality Khrushchev's dream of world Communism. Perhaps this is too pessimistic an appraisal of the situation. Two important points should be weighed in the balance against the undoubted successes of Red expansion. First, voluntary movement is almost always away from, not toward Communist-ruled areas. This is equally true in Germany, in Korea, in China, in Vietnam. Lenin said that the Russian Army in World War I voted for peace with its legs—by running away. That is how people are voting against Communism every day, in various parts of the world. Second, Europe's recovery and rise to new heights of material prosperity exceeded the most optimistic expectations and scotched completely the danger of spontaneous pro-Communist revolts in European countries.

This is an informative and well-informed book; it could have been better if the author had taken more time to revise his reprinted daily articles. There is inevitably some confusion and break of communication when one must be constantly verifying the date on which this or that statement was made.

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FICTION

# A Turn to Enchantment

***"The Great Wave and Other Stories," by Mary Lavin*** *(Macmillan. 212 pp. $3.50), offers six samples of the narrative wares of a subtle Irish author. Padraic Colum has written many volumes of stories and verse.*

By Padraic Colum

HOW LONG ago is it since Irish writers began to produce stories of distinction? In a reckoning by literary history only a few pages back. I remember when John Eglinton, the only discerning critic in Irish letters, looked forward to a time when the writers would discover the secret of Turgeniev and thus possess themselves of a style that would go with their endowments. The cumbersome method of the English short story was the only one with which they were familiar. To be sure, George Moore in "The Untilled Field" had shown Continental influences—Turgeniev's was marked—and James Joyce had already written some of the stories in "Dubliners," while Daniel Corkery, awake to the fact that Turgeniev's outlook corresponded to Irish situations, was writing memorable stories of Munster. But these did not prepare us for what we have today: a half dozen superior writers producing work whose idiom is Irish while its quality is universal.

Among this half dozen Mary Lavin has distinguishable and distinguished qualities: invention that does not draw attention to itself but is absorbed into a sort of casualness, a penetrating evaluation of a situation, a vocabulary that can point up every nuance, an ear for the rhythm of sentences. Also she has a humor that is quite delightful, a strong sense of locality, a just perception of character. She has something, too, that probably belongs to her femininity—a subtlety of discernment with regard to relationships. In "Loving Memory," which is amusing related but which remains pathetic in our memory, there is the muff that Alicia carries when she goes for walks with her husband. "It was not made of any sturdy fur, but hundreds of maribou feathers so soft and light that for a long time after she laid it down it trembled like a living thing." Well, we perceive the relationship between the muff and the frail Alicia, who seems to have flown into the town and to the bed which she makes the center of the house—and which she so outrageously mentions to the Irish townsfolk—and to the forever unmarked spot where she lies in the graveyard. Maybe this is not a great short story, but for me it is the most memorable that I have read in years.

To my mind, Mary Lavin's great distinction is in the fact that she reverses the turn that the usual short-storyteller gives the narrative—the turn to disenchantment. There is the story with the dullish title "Lemonade." Two little girls become friends in a convent classroom: one is Maudie, the child of returned emigrants, the other is Sadie, the unkempt and friendless child of a woman whose madness has been compounded through an act of primitivism that has brought about the death of her little boy. The neglected Sadie takes Maudie to look at her brother's grave:

> Always, when she passed the wall on the outside, she used to think the place was silent and still. Now, it seemed as if the town outside had gone silent, like a clock that had stopped, while all around them sounds that ought hardly to be heard surged in her ears. Their own feet on the matted grass sounded noisily. The wind that only lightly stirred the ivy clambering over the headstones, yet caused the pointed leaves where they met the stone to send out a mysterious tapping. And somewhere in the grass there was a strange sound, half sighing, half singing, as the wind went over a rusted tangle of wire.

There was a grave "like a little glade in a forest of dock and old nettles," the grave that the mother who neglects her house keeps in such singular order. She has left a mark of her madness, however: a full, unopened bottle of lemonade is among the bits of mortuary marble and plaster with which she has decorated the grave. As the children, after drinking the lemonade out of the bottle, stand by, the mad mother appears. Then comes the moment of enchantment, or, rather, of disenchantment from the bad influences that have been on the mother who is so terrifyingly before them. Maudie goes to her.

> "We didn't mean any harm, you know," she cried. "It was only going to waste." "I know that, child; I know it *now*," said Mad Mary, and she looked not at Maudie at all, but down at the little decked-out grave. "He's gone beyond where I can do anything for him," she said, "and maybe it's as well." She raised her eyes and looked at Sadie. "It'd be fitter if I gave it to her. He was only a child, but sure that's all she is, too." She paused. "And what more am I at times. Wasn't it only a child that would have gone on like I did, putting food on a grave?"

The moment of enchantment that, it seems to me, is in each of these eleven stories opens up a new way of life. In "What's Wrong with Aubretia?" a girl about to part with a lover separated from her by social and esthetic values comes to the manor house she has been brought up in and there realizes that what she thought were the lights of the train he was departing on "were in fact the lights of the new villas trinkling severally through the branches," the villas that disfigured her family's estate. "Seeing what they were, her heart was assailed, for they struck an unexpected note, a sweet elegiac note that ought properly only to have come from beauty." Mary Lavin's delicacy of perception calls for alertness on the part of the reader. How easy it would be to overlook the reason why the bishop on leaving the island he was wont to visit, the island where the great wave had been so catastrophic, was careful to let his vestments be seen. "When he was leaving the island, there would be some solicitous entreaties with him to put on his overcoat. Certainly he was always colder going back in the late day. But he'd never give in to do more than throw it over his shoulders from which it would soon slip down to the seat behind him."

—*Alen MacWeeney.*

**Mary Lavin—"delicacy of perception."**

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# Witchcraft to Statecraft

***"Jimmy Riddle," by Ian Brook** (Putnam. 317 pp. $3.95), takes a quizzical look at the premature birth of a mythical nation. Hal Lehrman, author, lecturer, and free-lance foreign correspondent, reports frequently from or about Africa.*

By Hal Lehrman

THE GREAT pity about this merry inquiry into the blessings of "Election Democracy" in Black Africa is that it is a more important book than the rave notices and even its own dust-jacket blurb claim—and yet not as good a book as they would have us believe. More important because it is saying something basic, which has needed saying, about political do-goodism in Africa and the empty-headedness of the doctrine of liberation at any price and no matter how poorly prepared. The message is clear and original—so original, in fact, that it has apparently eluded the book's best friends.

These have preferred to go publicly agog over the hilarious satire, the devastating wit, the uproarious adventure, and so forth. There really isn't that much art in "Jimmy Riddle," I'm afraid. About halfway through, the book begins to come apart, precisely because its inventions get too laboriously funny.

With a little more restraint this novel could have been a real block-buster, in the manner of "Candide" or "The Good Soldier Schweik." Like them, it pokes documented fun at certain stereotyped beliefs that enjoy fairly universal and piously unquestioned acceptance but may yet turn out to be as nakedly foolish as that emperor who was admired by his courtiers for wearing majestic robes of nothing at all. Instead, "Jimmy Riddle" misses by a literary mile, coming not quite up to the meaningful but disciplined buffoonery of a Gilbert and Sullivan libretto. And therein lies the pity, as I say, because present-day Africa can certainly use a Voltaire, of any color.

Just the same, there have been few fabrications this season as memorable as Happy Boy, the Minister of Ways and Means in the mythical semi-autonomous British colony Ian Brook has mishmashed from unequal parts of Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya, and—of course—the ineffable Belgian Congo. Or Happy Boy's ominous spouse, Comfort, as apt in the brewing of poisons as in the intricacies of statecraft.

There is Prime Minister Ephraim Agonuwuwu, ex-hawker of patent medicines; he rose from the pack by selling mineral oil to the natives as a virility elixir, learned democratic black magic at the London School of Economics, founded a "Freedom Party" back home, and advanced speedily upon discovering that "the more offensively abusive he became the greater the deference he received" from the Colonial Office. Ephraim's mentor, Iris Pratt, spinster Member of Parliament and crusader for African emancipation, had ghost-written the fiery articles that were Ephraim's credo as Leader of his people; she still rockets horrendous anti-imperialism reports on tour calculated to make Westminster tremble and stir Her Majesty's Opposition to indignant questionings. Sir Jocelyn Limb, the colony's Governor, addressed in coded dispatches as "Topmost" (the Colonial Secretary is "Most Topmost"), has introduced a Constitution that reads like a liberal's dream and is also notable for its total lack of application to local conditions. Best of all, and the craftiest, is the Balabasa of Alabasa, supreme chief of the Colony's most warlike province, revered lord of the Python Cult, who answers his subjects, salutes with the formula "I am the One."

The main contest in this many-splendored narrative is between the Balabasa (the title may be pure onomatopoeia, but "balabasa" does seem straight out of Sholem Aleichem) and Happy Boy. The latter, Alabasa's brightest political star, uses the availability of Miss Pratt as a ready-made propagandist on the spot to set off a manufactured, paid-up revolution, ostensibly against Jimmy Riddle, the white "imperialist" District Commissioner, actually against the Balabasa.

In Happy Boy's camp is Prime Minister Agonuwuwu, who fancies himself as "the Leader of Africa, negotiating on equal terms with Britain, Russia and America." He is fortified by a private army of Freedom Troopers, armed with ex-Gestapo rubber truncheons imported as "educational equipment." Also a believer in Happy Boy is Sir Jocelyn, whose prime interest in seeing the colony independent is to facilitate his own transfer to the balmier clime of Jamaica. On the Balabasa's side is Jimmy Riddle, who really understands the Alabasans and is adored by them as the mightiest wrestler, hunter, and dispenser of clear-eyed justice in the land. Happy Boy's saga must be left for Mr. Brook to tell, but the issue is never in doubt, especially after Miss Pratt has a tilt with the Balabasa which radically alters her political science.

"Ian Brook"—pokes documented fun.

READERS are left with salubrious doubts concerning the independence-come-hell-or-high-water gospel which has hitherto dominated editorial and legislative pulpits. The pseudonymous Mr. Brook—he is identified as a former Colonial Service type himself—stresses two obvious but pathetically overlooked truths: that so much in Africa is still more amenable to witchcraft than to elections, and that Africa's native "democrats" are perhaps not as high-minded as advertised.

> We will get money from everybody [Ephraim Agonuwuwu ruminates]. We will be rich like the Arabs. We will, after Independence, invite the Russians to send a trade mission—then the white men will fight to give us money to keep each other away. We will become a Republic and I will be permanent President. Later my son can become President. We will make Africa great. . . .

The Balabasa sees things another way, in this appeal to Riddle: "We do not want the evil days to come back when brother raided and killed brother. . . . You must help us, show us how to keep what is right of our customs and how to get what is good your people have. That is how you were training us until this thing they call Election Democracy spoil everything. . ."

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# Cargo of Catastrophe

***"Master of This Vessel," by Gwyn Griffin*** *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 398 pp. $4.95), chronicles the mishaps of an adventure-tossed ship. Nicholas Monsarrat is the author of several well-known novels, including "The Cruel Sea" and "The Tribe That Lost Its Head."*

By Nicholas Monsarrat

THIS absurd though intermittently absorbing book records the voyage of the S.S. *San Roque*, an Italian liner sailing under the Panamanian flag, from Italy to Australia, with a cargo of cut-rate immigrants. To say that the *San Roque* runs into trouble in the process would be a very considerable understatement, and this book has none.

Everything that could possibly happen to a ship has been crammed into "Master of This Vessel"; it reminds one of a film made from scraps of dozens of other films on the same theme, picked up from the cutting-room floor. There is theft, there is suicide, there is mutiny, there is illicit love, there is malicious damage to property. The captain dies (ah, but he has a dark secret: he once threw a brother officer into a ship's furnace during the Russian Revolution). The ship almost runs on the rocks, then nearly sinks in a cyclone. She gets ropes round *both* propellers, and loses a funnel. She is practically taken over by discontented passengers. She is abandoned by nearly everyone except the captain and a few devoted stewards. She wins through! On the last page a dog is sentenced to death by the Australian immigration authorities.

The sad part of all this moist melodrama is that Gwyn Griffin can write. One or two of his portraits are well, if spitefully, done; the storm sequence is entirely convincing; and if he makes a few technical mistakes (one does not drop the anchor when berthing alongside, even at Port Said) they do not get in the way of the plot. But the book has two monumental drawbacks.

The first is too much highly colored incident; I cannot believe that all this could really happen to one ship on one voyage. The other is an unremitting display of personal prejudice. There are no good characters on the *San Roque*;

Gwyn Griffin—theft, suicide, mutiny

they all have flaws of a grotesque kind, presumably so that Mr. Griffin can work off all his grudges at one go. The crew is Italian, and therefore excitable and inefficient. Half of the immigrants are also Italian, and therefore dirty and cowardly. The other half are British, and therefore either snobbish, or brutal, or ugly, or panic-stricken under pressure, or all four.

Even when the British, following well-known national traits, steal five out of the six lifeboats, and beat off other contenders, they are all drowned. Presumably they must be incompetent too.

I don't think this is good enough for a man of Mr. Griffin's talents. It is certainly not good enough for a convincing story, or even a plausible one. Caricatures of a contemptuous kind are not portrayal. Melodrama is not excitement. The sea was never as cruel as this.

**INTERCULTURAL WHOOPEE:** Nathaniel Benchley's **"The Off-Islanders"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.50) is, true to the jacket claim, full of "general derring-do." The trouble is that the derring-do belongs to the author, and the characters tramp through it with heavy-booted reluctance. One gets the impression that the novel was born in the following way:

Mr. Benchley told himself that a certain resort island off Cape Cod was a promising locale for comedy, especially as the natives who came with the place were entirely too bizarre for a vacationing novelist to waste. Having a scene and so many characters in search of an author, there was nothing to do but adopt the derelict company, muss up their identities for publication, and feed them into a plot machine. Patient turning of the crank ran a Russian submarine aground and manned it with sailors who would eventually wade ashore and set off intercultural whoopee.

Alas, nothing much develops—beyond great clumps of dialogue that neither amuse us nor advance the action. One single-minded seaman gets off a few lively lines in trying to clear up the discrepancy between the legendary American bosom and the bosoms he has seen in contraband copies of *Vogue*. Otherwise, the proceedings are about as mirthful as a lonely night on the moors, even when the islanders barricade themselves in a bar and fortify themselves with the stuff that usually sets men free.

If Mr. Benchley made a blood pact with someone to stay at the typewriter and carry this book to its somnambulistic end, it is sad but not significant. The blood was his. —WALT MCCASLIN.

**1880s PRAIRIE WEST:** What may turn out to be the season's most remarkable collection of short stories is the work of an eighty-seven-year-old former Nebraska boy named Alvin Johnson. Johnson, of course, is no newcomer to the world of letters. His first book, "Rent in Modern Economics," appeared in 1903 shortly after he earned his Ph.D. in political science at Columbia. A de-

**FRASER YOUNG'S**

**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 942**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 942 will be found in the next issue.*

ZYX WVZ TVSR QRPOXN
MTR LYPMKVKZ ON, YJ
LYXKNR, HKYAVABR.
YBOSRK GRPCRBB TYBWRN.

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***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 941***

Every man who takes office in Washington either grows or swells.
—WOODROW WILSON.

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voted teacher of economics (Stanford to Cornell), Johnson became editor of the *New Republic* during the First World War. He is probably best known as the founder, in 1919, of The New School for Social Research, where he remained as an eminent educator until his retirement in 1945.

While the number of Johnson's scholarly publications is enormous, his stature as a writer of fiction has been relatively undistinguished. But in **"The Battle of the Wild Turkey and Other Tales"** (Atheneum, $4.50) this octogenarian emerges as one of the freshest, most original raconteurs of the nineteenth-century Prairie West that we have in our midst. Indeed, he may be the Grandma Moses of today's short-story writers. The eight long and short entries in this collection are as welcome as an Indian summer breeze in the Platte River basin.

The scene generally is the Nebraska country of Johnson's youth, the 1880s. The inhabitants of that post-Civil-War region were still among the pioneers, although, as the author recalls, the world was changing and "money had come into its own as a test of merit."

While Johnson's prose may remind one of other voices—Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson among them—not all his stories make sense. Take "The Long Way Around," which amounts to a novella. This is a disarming account of a young scholar who seeks his fortune on the road—a mad piece of nineteenth-century Jack Kerouac. It adds up to nothing much at all, but while under way this saga of Hobart Alburn, who felt he had bettered the austere pattern of Socrates, is an engrossing narrative. Mark Twain would have understood it, although some of today's professors in the creative writing laboratories might not.

The title piece is an amusing account of how a long-suffering Nebraska wife gives her Norwegian farmer husband his comeuppance after he criticizes her method of cooking a turkey. "She Met Lincoln," a vignette from Johnson's Columbia days, describes a restaurant keeper's treasured memory of one day during the Civil War. Then in a quick change of pace we find "Adelbrand's Skull" to be a Gothic tale of ghosts, a curse, and things impossible to explain on a seventeenth-century Danish baron's estate. Even when Johnson wanders far from Nebraska, his grabbag is full of surprises.

The cumulative effect of this bewildering, offbeat, charming, and candid performance is that of a fine old scholar and gentleman yarning to his heart's content. It is as nice a direct link with a bygone America as you could ask for these days. —WILLIAM HOGAN.

**PERSONAL HISTORY**

# The Fighting Pacifist

Jane Addams—"still relevant writings."

***"Jane Addams: A Centennial Reader"*** *(Macmillan. 326 pp. $6),* ***"Jane Addams of Hull House, 1860-1935: A Centenary Study," by Margaret Tims*** *(Macmillan. 160 pp. $4.25), and* ***"Peace and Bread," by Jane Addams*** *(G. K. Hall. Paperback. 251 pp. $1.25), sum up the achievements of a pioneer social worker and Nobel Peace Prize-winner whose thought and vision are still relevant today. Roger Baldwin is chairman of the International League for the Rights of Man.*

## By Roger Baldwin

THESE three books together celebrate the hundredth anniversary in 1960 of the birth of Jane Addams, whose tombstone, erected upon her death in 1935, bears the words she requested: "Jane Addams of Hull House and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom." Published by the Jane Addams Centennial Committee organized by the League, their purpose is not only to recall for today the pioneering thought and action of a great social statesman, who from Hull House in Chicago inspired countless reforms, but also to bring to bear on the unresolved problems of peace her still relevant writings.

The "Centennial Reader" reprints the most significant parts of her nine books, published over the forty-five years of her active public life. The biography by Margaret Tims is a fresh evaluation based on longer studies. "Peace and Bread" is a reprint of what Miss Addams rightly regarded as her most enduring book, an account of the origins and struggles of the union of pacifist women which grew out of the First World War and has since carried on all over the world its crusade for peace, democracy, and freedom. First published in 1922, it was reprinted in 1945 with an introduction by John Dewey, and appears now in less expensive format for popular distribution.

Jane Addams was a Quaker, pacifist,

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feminist, and social worker, to use the labels that fix her position, but her leadership transcended labels. All of us who were associated with her, as I was for many years in social reforms and civil liberties, recognized the force of her compassion, the moral courage and unyielding convictions that set her apart. Balanced wisdom marked by a gentle but firm reasonableness gave authority to her judgments. These qualities, rare among reformers, brought almost universal acknowledgment of her stature despite the opposition and controversy that she aroused from the moment she challenged the neglect, injustice, and oppression in the Chicago slum district where as a young woman she had chosen to live.

Winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, she was for the first twenty-five years of her labors a national figure as the head of Hull House; for the last twenty an international leader in the struggle for peace, democracy, and human equality. To her "patriotic" opponents she was a dangerous radical, subversive and un-American. But so general was public acclaim that fourteen colleges gave her honorary degrees—Yale the first ever bestowed on a woman. Statesmen of the world paid her tribute at a great meeting in Washington shortly before her death. After it, she was commemorated in a U.S. postage stamp series honoring great American women.

The qualities that won these tributes are clearly revealed in her writings, notably in the wide-ranging selections in the "Centennial Reader." Their present relevance lies in her attitudes to problems still confronting us almost unchanged: the substitution of law for arms and international authority for national sovereignty, the challenge of Communism, aid to hungry peoples, the growth of democracy, the protection of civil rights and liberties. In all her efforts Jane Addams insisted on the importance of the means. "Social advance," she wrote, "depends as much on the process through which it is assured as the result itself." It was this concept that gave strength to her many crusades.

By nature, she wrote, she was a middle-of-the-roader to whom the "best possible" was the right answer. But events, not her nature, rejected compromises, and in wartime forced her into the left as a pacifist and later as a defender of unpopular and feared minorities. She accepted for herself and for society the paradoxical truths that it is natural to "destroy the individual who differs from the mass in time of danger," and yet that "all moral changes in human affairs begin with a differing individual or group." That she could be a dissenter and yet recover a place of high public esteem is testimony both to the greatness of her character and to the instinct to recognize it.

The pioneering era of private social work which promoted today's network of national public services was greatly influenced by Jane Addams's experiences in her Hull House neighborhood. Those same experiences influenced her later internationalism, drawn from contacts with immigrant peoples. The unity of her life recorded in the centennial volumes, ranging from a Chicago slum to the whole world arena, illustrates equally the inseparable ties of the human condition everywhere, and the imperative need, if a manageable order of mankind is to be won, of the vision by which Jane Addams lived and labored.

Weybright

**MEMORIES:** When I met Jane Addams for the first time in the early 1920s, she was at the zenith of her career. I was a young college student. She lived modestly in her tiny apartment at Hull House, her responsibilities and title as Head Resident of the remarkable pioneer settlement house partly delegated to others. Her interest was still intense, however, in the social osmosis of Residents and Neighbors—even though a great deal of her time was devoted to national and international causes. This was a decade before the Crash and the New Deal vindicated Chicago, Hull House, and the pre-Hutchins University as the cradle of inductive sociology. I was lucky, and sensed it, to help rock, even feebly, the cradle that provided the United States with so much of its later vision of progress by bold reforms.

By good chance I was a rapid typist in those days, and as her secretary often could record Miss Addams's thought or handwriting almost as fast as she could speak or dash off rough drafts of speeches, letters, and memoranda. So I had a splendid opportunity to observe the greatest woman America had yet produced when dealing with the simplest and the most abstract problems of the day, both in the large and in microcosm at 800 S. Halsted Street.

Hull House teemed with ideas—like a co-educational monastery crossed with, say, All Souls' at Oxford. Its dozen buildings were full of people, too, from the stream of immigrants pouring into the West Side—the first wave of Negroes from the South, Mexicans, Irish, Italians, Greeks, Jews, even Gypsies. We residents—except for a handful of professional welfare workers—did voluntary work. The adult English classes for foreigners were based upon leftover Sears Roebuck catalogues donated by Julius Rosenwald. The little theatre was rampant with talent. The music school was an eyrie of singing birds in the rooms above the Residents' Dining Room. Amid this never-ending round of education, research, social-service training, and good fellowship, Miss Addams was tireless, gracious, exemplary as a hostess, and warm-hearted as counsel and friend.

She was the finest impromptu speaker I have ever heard. Though tolerant of human frailty, she was not a person to be bullied by the use of boring excuses or by overfamiliar appeals to her interests. Her dignity, her poise, and her beautiful voice commanded every situation.

Miss Addams was then in her sixties, a strikingly fine-looking woman. She enjoyed civilized and articulate company, and was proud of her erstwhile associates and protégés from Hull House: Gerard Swope, Francis Hackett, Walter Gifford, Mackenzie King, Julia Lathrop, Grace and Edith Abbott, as well as a host of neighborhood boys (including Benny Goodman) who had made their marks in art, music, scholarship, and literature.

She wrote well and with a sure touch, revising little. If it were not for her constant concern to be doing things for human progress—locally, nationally, and internationally—Miss Addams would have achieved a greater recognition as an author. As it is, "Twenty Years at Hull House" is her one imperishable classic; all her other books are important contributions to the philosophy of social history. But it is as a life force, a great person, that those who knew Jane Addams think of her. All who were touched by her idealism and character were transformed forever after by a sense of dedication that is impossible to define. One simply became more human and gently courageous, unafraid of criticism and impervious to flattery. One had partaken vicariously of greatness, through association with a natural teacher of the good life for one and all.

—Victor Weybright,
Editor in Chief, New American Library.

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# Pledged to the Exotic

***"Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Stevenson*** *(Macmillan. 321 pp. $6.95), recounts the extraordinary life of the semi-outcast Irish-Greek writer who eventually found a home in Japan. Richard A. Cordell, professor of English at Purdue University, is the author of "Somerset Maugham," a critical study.*

By Richard A. Cordell

WHEN still in his twenties Lafcadio Hearn wrote to W. D. O'Connor, the noted defender of Walt Whitman, "I think a man must devote himself to one thing in order to succeed: so I have pledged myself to the worship of the Odd, the Queer, the Strange, the Exotic, the Monstrous. It quite suits my temperament." This dedication to mistimed romanticism in Hearn's early books results in an extravagant local color brushed by Poe and in a Southern luxuriance of style that is merely florid to readers of the Hemingway generation. In his last stories of the Tokyo period this ornate early manner is replaced by the quiet and unadorned, partly because of a greater emotional maturity and partly because of the influence of the Japanese, who, Hearn discovered, shun the loud and the garish. These final stories are still readable.

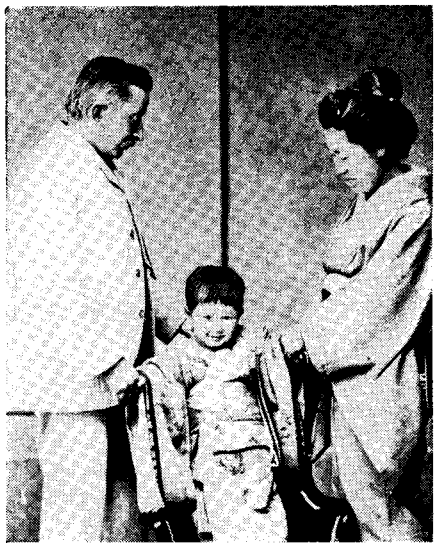
*—Bettmann Archive.*

**Lafcadio Hearn—"civilized nomad. . ."**

No American writer (we claim him as an American writer although he kept his British passport until 1895, when he became a Japanese citizen) ever led a stranger life. Born in 1850 of Irish-Greek parents on Sappho's Isle of Leucadia, he was early abandoned by them and taken into the home of a wealthy aunt in Dublin, educated almost casually in French and British schools, until, at the age of nineteen, he was shipped off penniless to America. In Cincinnati he almost starved before he became a reporter on the *Enquirer.* Here he married, probably illegally, a Negress, and upon their separation he went south to New Orleans, which was much more suited to his temperament. His stories of romantic Creole life and characters made him nationally known, and led this "civilized nomad" to his sojourn in Martinique and final migration to Japan. Here he was teacher, journalist, and college professor, but always the writer, too, for more than a decade a cross-fertilizer of two great cultures, interpreting and sometimes misinterpreting Japan for the West and the West for the Orient.

He married a Japanese woman, who bore him four children; became a Japanese citizen for practical reasons, and all but embraced the Buddhist faith before his death in 1904. In spite of eccentricities that shortened friendships and made enemies, and in spite of a dwarfish stature and a repulsive facial disfigurement that, together with the memory of a blighted childhood and youth, made him abnormally sensitive and shy, his marriage was successful, and he was an impeccable family man in the best Japanese tradition. His diminutive size was less conspicuous in Japan, and the veneration accorded to the scholar at the turn of the century when the new Japan was seizing on education as one means by which it could prepare itself to compete with the West led his adopted countrymen to ignore his physical imperfections.

There is little that is new in Miss Stevenson's long and carefully documented biography, but it does collect in one substantial volume just about all that is known about this haunting literary figure. The author says modestly: "He was an unimportant person. He was a minor writer. His struggle for life went on almost unnoticed. His heroism was private, his pathos unseen, his small victories unheard and unannounced. He has been forgotten or almost forgotten today." An earlier biography by Hearn's friend Elizabeth Bisland is incomplete, partly because of lack of information and partly due to her ladylike delicacy. Publication of Hearn's letters, touching chronicles by members of his Japanese family, and memoirs by acquaintances have extended the portrait. It has remained for Miss Stevenson to provide in this careful, objective study, the product of formidable research, what will probably be the final account of his fantastic life and summary of critical opinion of his work.



**". . . his marriage was successful."**

It is regrettable that the author ignores the striking book "Interpretations of Literature," a collection of Hearn's university lectures, delivered without notes but taken down in shorthand by an appreciative student and thus saved from oblivion. Attempting "to teach only the emotional side of literature in its relation to modern thought," he interpreted for Oriental students famous nineteenth-century poems, explaining in lucid, effective English the odd and unfamiliar Western backgrounds of religious and philosophical thought that made the selections intelligible. These exegeses are not only delightful in themselves, but valuable as well: young people today brought up in a climate of material "progress" and near-secularism, and in an age of television and the comic book, could read with profit Hearn's simple interpretations of the last century's anthologized poems.

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# And Then Came the British

***"The Anatomy of Glory: Napoleon and His Guard, A Study in Leadership," adapted by Anne S. K. Brown from the French of Henry Lachouque*** *(Brown University Press. 505 pp. $14), provides an English version of the monumental history of the élite warriors who shared the French emperor's glory. Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, wrote "The French Revolution and Napoleon."*

By Leo Gershoy

THE END of making of books on Napoleon is not yet in sight, so let us count our present blessings. "The Anatomy of Glory," translated, condensed, and adapted by Anne S. K. Brown, long a student of the American military tradition, from the monumental work of Commandant Henry Lachouque, a foremost authority on Napoleon's military career, tells a stirring story in English for the first time. It is the dramatic account of the birth, life, and death of the fabulous Imperial Guard, how it swelled from a small brigade of under 2,000 men to a virtual army which for fifteen years shared in the glory of its incomparable master.

Along with the narrative, which is built around quotations from the letters and reports of the participants, and which Mrs. Brown has indeed rendered into colloquial English, there are stunning illustrations, most of them from contemporary sources and many of them never published before. Totaling more than 300, they are arranged in 173 plates, of which no fewer than ninety are in color. Fourteen maps and plates of the great battles, lengthy editorial Notes on the illustrations and the artists, a detailed Index of Persons, and a careful Bibliography of published and manuscript sources round out a work whose value for students of the Guard, Old and New, and for admirers of Napoleon is not to be questioned.

As the first of two subtitles, "Napoleon and his Guard," states, this handsome book is as much the story of the emperor as of his Guard. Though his pay was good and the care he received solicitous, the guardsman suffered hardships and rigors, his hours were long, his discipline stringent, his sufferings great. For all that, he did more than bear his lot; he was loyal to the death. He was conscious that he was a man, a prince among men, possibly a hero. He put his life in the hands of the genius who was his master and did better than his best, because he was "the elect of the supreme mortal authority." The authority was in fact no ordinary genius: "His intellect and energy, his universality and ubiquity, his infinite imagination mark him as a superman." But Napoleon was ahead of his time; he was in too much of a hurry; and for that reason he failed.

Fortunately, the great lessons of his relations with the Guard are not lost. The epic story, viewed under the rubric of the second of the subtitles, "A Study in Leadership," tells us that "Commandant Lachouque's masterly history . . . answers many questions being asked today." Among those questions are the following: what constitutes leadership; what makes a military force effective; is it necessary to be loved to be effective; what makes men do better than their best? If those are in fact the significant questions that ravage our troubled universe, then "The Anatomy of Glory" provides the answers. Someday, if the windows of truth are kept open, the spirit animating Napoleon and his devoted men will return "to clear away the poisonous miasmas of our time."

It is of course conceivable that other answers are more efficacious and other questions more relevant concerning these poisonous miasmas. But for those answers there are other books to read and examples from other leaders and followers to scrutinize and study.

**ORPHANED BAND:** In Poland the Gestapo treated the Jews with unbelievable barbarity. But, as Lena Kuchler-Silberman makes very clear in **"One Hundred Children"** (Doubleday, $4.50), the Poles were anti-Semitic, too. The father of the heroic young Jewish author was shot in his bed by the Nazis. "My brothers made their way to the 'safe' side, the Russian side—and were sent off to Siberia." Her favorite sister was betrayed to the Gestapo by a Polish couple in exchange for whiskey. Another sister disappeared without trace.

Mrs. Kuchler-Silberman, passing as Gentile, miraculously survived the horrors of both Nazi and Russian occupations. When the Nazis were driven out, she returned to her home community. The Poles, she then realized, hated the Jews about as violently as they hated the Nazis. When Jewish survivors of Auschwitz and other extermination centers got back, they found that their homes had been seized by the Poles. Their families were gone and they were subject to merciless persecution—even to pogroms.

It was in Cracow that Mrs. Kuchler-Silberman came upon the group of children who gave her moving and harrowing story its title. The tragic waifs were starving, filthy, ragged, and covered with boils, scars, and vermin. They behaved like wild animals. (In famine-stricken Russia, 1921-22, the reviewer saw just such pitiful little derelicts.) Determined to save the orphaned band, the author begged and bartered for food and medicine for them and even procured a house. She gave them love and won theirs: they called her "mother." But she had to defend them against murderous anti-Semitism, even against gunfire at night.

With reluctance the children's defender now decided that she would have to get her young wards out of their homeland. Polish officials, of course, refused exit permission. Through the help of a foreign Jewish committee Polish frontier guards were bribed and she was able to bring her small charges to Czechoslovakia. The Czechs put her through two days of agony before deciding not to send the refugees back to Poland. The little party went on to France, where they stayed two years. Throughout the most terrifying ordeals the children sustained their "mother" with courage, discipline, and loyalty.

In the summer of 1948 the family of exiles sailed for Israel. There, as we learn from the lyrical final chapter, they found contentment and fulfillment. Sadly enough, two of the older boys who had gone on ahead to the promised land were killed in Israeli military service. But the others are thriving and devoted to "mother," now married and blessed with a little girl of her own. If ever a tale of man's inhumanity deserved a happy ending, it is this engrossing odyssey of a truly valiant woman. —HENRY C. WOLFE.

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# Saturday Review

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# Antidotes for Twitching

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Archibald MacLeish occupies a special role in the American culture; he understands the battle yet sees beyond the battle to the things that have to separate us from the perennial battler. His great contribution is to remind us of the connection between a sense of national responsibility and a national sense of beauty. At a time of fragmentation and twitching, he is a good man to pry open our mental casings in preparation for the entry of large ideas. This he does characteristically well in his new book, "Poetry and Experience" (Houghton Mifflin). The editor pridefully devotes this week's editorial page to a sampling of therapeutic capsules from that book.*

THE deepest human need in certain generations has appeared to be a need not to make sense of our human lives, but to make nonsense of them. In the Dark Ages colonies of anchorites prayed for death in filthy cells with their backs to the green leaf and the blue water and even now, at the culmination of the scientific century, on the high plateau of theoretical plenty, among the Alps of Automation, there are contemporaries who turn their heads away. . . .

There is undoubtedly a human hunger for the anti-world and there is a poetry which serves it and no conception of the art can be complete which does not somehow keep in view that dark dimension. The difficulty is to allow for it in intelligible terms. "Revolt" has become a literary word with us. It has come to designate the work of a generation, largely French, which grew up in the years between the two world wars and which has adopted in consequence a philosophy of revolt against the incoherence of human life. But human life, of course, is neither more nor less incoherent now than it ever was and the failures of man, of God, of democracy and of science against which this revolution is declared are failures with which we have been familiar since God, man, democracy and science were discovered.

◇ ◇

Whatever science and philosophy may conclude about the mysterious relationship between art and emotion and the power of the one over the other, there would seem to be, nevertheless, a small acre here in which the rest of us may walk around with a modest confidence that something interesting can perhaps be observed.

◇ ◇

To feel emotion is at least to feel. The crime against life, the worst of all crimes, is not to feel. And there was never, perhaps, a civilization in which that crime, the crime of torpor, of lethargy, of apathy, the snake-like sin of coldness-at-the-heart, was commoner than in our technological civilization in which the emotionless emotions of adolescent boys are mass produced on television screens to do our feeling for us, and a woman's longing for her life is twisted, by singing commercials, into a longing for a new detergent, family size, which will keep her hands as innocent as though she had never lived. It is the modern painless death, this commercialized atrophy of the heart. None of us is safe from it.

◇ ◇

We are snobs of the tragic in our century. We believe that because we are the first to accept and even to relish the meaninglessness of human life we are also the first to comprehend the human tragedy. But in truth we are among the last, for the tragic, like everything else in man's experience, comes wholly alive only in the presence of its opposite Our modern disillusioned hero who faces the absurdity of the world with an ironic eye and refuses to kill himself, not because he wishes to live, but because his persistence in that meaningless confrontation gives him a sense of stoical nobility, is not a tragic figure. To taste the human tragedy one must taste at the same time the possibility of human happiness, for it is only when the two are known together in a single knowledge that either can be known.

◇ ◇

Professor Dirac walked one day into his laboratory in Berlin or wherever and spotted young [Robert] Oppenheimer, recently graduated from Harvard, among the apprentices. "Ah," said he (Oppenheimer reporting), "I understand you combine the writing of poetry with the study of physics." Oppenheimer pleaded guilty. "I simply don't understand it," sighed the great man. "In science you try to say what nobody has known before in such a way that everybody will understand it, whereas in *poetry* . . ." And he stalked out to a chorus of applauding laughter. But when Ivor Richards heard the tale he turned its author's triumph inside out with a single word: "Precisely!" And of course he was right. In poetry you do try to say what everybody has "known before" in such a way that nobody will "understand" it, and when you succeed you say something at least as significant as that famous Second Law of Thermodynamics which C. P. Snow has now established as the basic test of the new literacy.

—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## BROADSIDE FROM CANNONDALE

With reference to your coverage of the Civil War Centennial [*SR*, July 8] many Southerners feel that their viewpoints are not given fair treatment in the great national journals, that something like a "paper curtain" limits Northern readers to a one-sided view of the South and its attitudes. . . . If Virginians and South Carolinians have more love for their state than for the nation, this was precisely the condition on which the Constitution was based and which it was intended to preserve. Mainly in the North, a kind of mystical nationalism has become a force deeper than love of family, state, humanity, or deeper even than love of God, ethics, or honor. . . . Millions of Southerners do not believe that their defeat was for the best. And they will not change until there is a strong reaction against undue federal power, and its patronage, nepotism, and rule by cronies of doubtful worth. Southerners if left to themselves would not produce a society in which the dominant pressures drive men to worship Mammon instead of God or Reason. The South could solve its racial problem if allowed reasonable time and not driven to extremes by coercion. . . . Until the North's standardizing "democracy" attains a much higher level of ethics, of culture, of taste, of politics and of grace of living, why should the South renounce its own standards? At their best in its advanced regions—and despite the dying institution of slavery—they produced a civilization of which Southerners may well be proud. And they have not, since their defeat, had the opportunity to share in one with standards which, all along the line, were higher.

Edward P. Lawton.

Cannondale, Conn.

## FIRST THINGS FIRST

. . . I happen to live in the North for economic reasons, but my heart and soul belong to my native Georgia. I don't know why it should be so difficult for Northerners to comprehend this fact, but the loyalty of a Southerner is first of all to his state and then, but only then, to the nation. Moreover, he tends to feel, and justly so, that the state has the right to command his loyalties whereas the nation has to earn them. At least that is the way I feel about it.

Raymond Cartwright.

New York, N. Y.

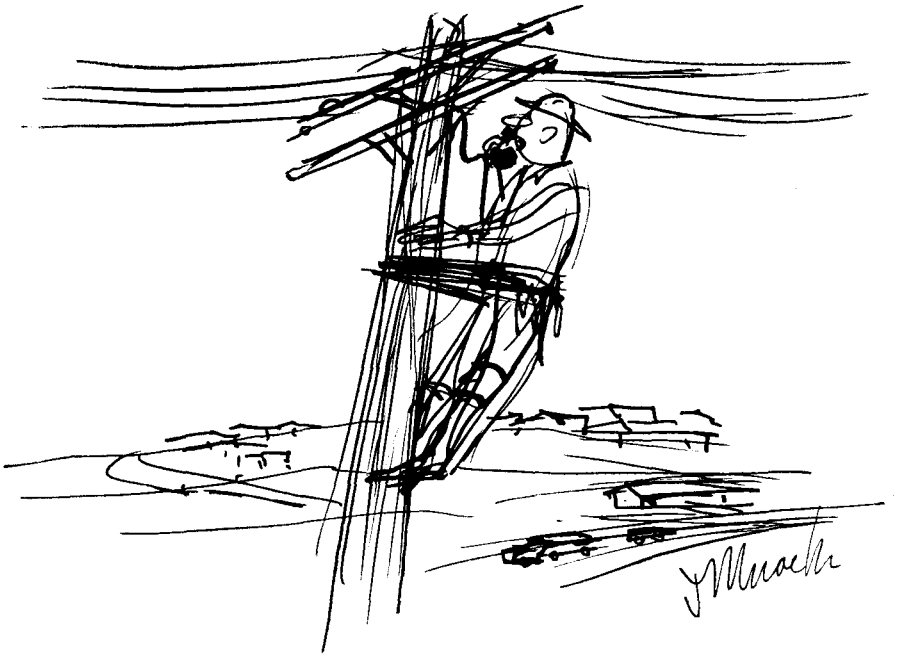
## JUSTICE IN A NEW KEY?

The recent article by T. S. Matthews entitled "After Eichmann: Justice and the Jews" [*SR*, July 8] was rather disturbing in several respects. Mr. Matthews's premise is open to serious argument. It can be demonstrated that Jewish history did not begin with meek reliance on Divine justice. On the contrary, the excessive preoccupation with God's intervention as a substitute for human action was forced on us by the sheer power of physical oppression. I am in favor of the Eichmann trial because it can serve the cause of justice far beyond the fate of the accused. If, however, it merely demonstrates that Jews can be hangmen as skillful as anyone, it misses its purpose completely.

If Mr. Matthews's conclusion is intended as a statement of fact, it bespeaks little confidence in the persuasiveness of our American principles. If it is intended as a hope it is based on bigotry different only in degree from the classic examples. Unless we can look forward to a society that tolerates differences instead of seeking to obliterate them, the American dream will be nothing but a nightmare.

Dr. M. Arthur Oles,
Rabbi, Temple Beth Am.

Seattle, Wash.



"You have the wrong number."

## ANTI-PINK INJECTIONS

What a shame it is that William Benton [*SR*, July 15] had to yield to the pervading American insistence that something must be found to damn in whatever Communists may do. This bit of reportage, I assume, was included to make sure that no one accuses Mr. Benton or his staff of pink tendencies; along what has become standard, approved lines, something critical of the Communists has been injected into the article.

In all candor, however, if we were to read a Red Chinese report on our school system, and we found a portentous note indicating all was not going well with us because a primary school teacher in East Yahoo, Indiana, burst into sobbing when she was assigned to West Yahoo, wouldn't we justifiably call the author and the magazine fat-headed fools for wasting ink and paper on such inanities?

Mary Mackintosh.

New York, N. Y.

The articles "Education in Red China" and "The Mood Inside Russia's Satellites" [*SR*, July 15] are to be commended—by somebody else, not me. Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung must have applauded this issue. If only half the press in the United States were so liberal in their criticism of Communism, we would be sovietized in no time.

Mrs. Michael P. Meher.

San Antonio, Texas

## THE FCC AT BAY

In a recent article [*SR*, July 1], Robert Lewis Shayon makes the statement that the FCC "should interpret listener 'needs' . . ." I would like to know what qualifications he thinks the members of the FCC have that make them capable of exercising such judgment? I would also like to know if he really feels that the American public is not capable of selecting its own entertainment and information without being directed by those who think *they* know what is best. Is freedom of choice to be limited to some élite for the broadcasting industry while being vehemently protected in other areas?

Mrs. Kenneth Prather.

Casper, Wyo.

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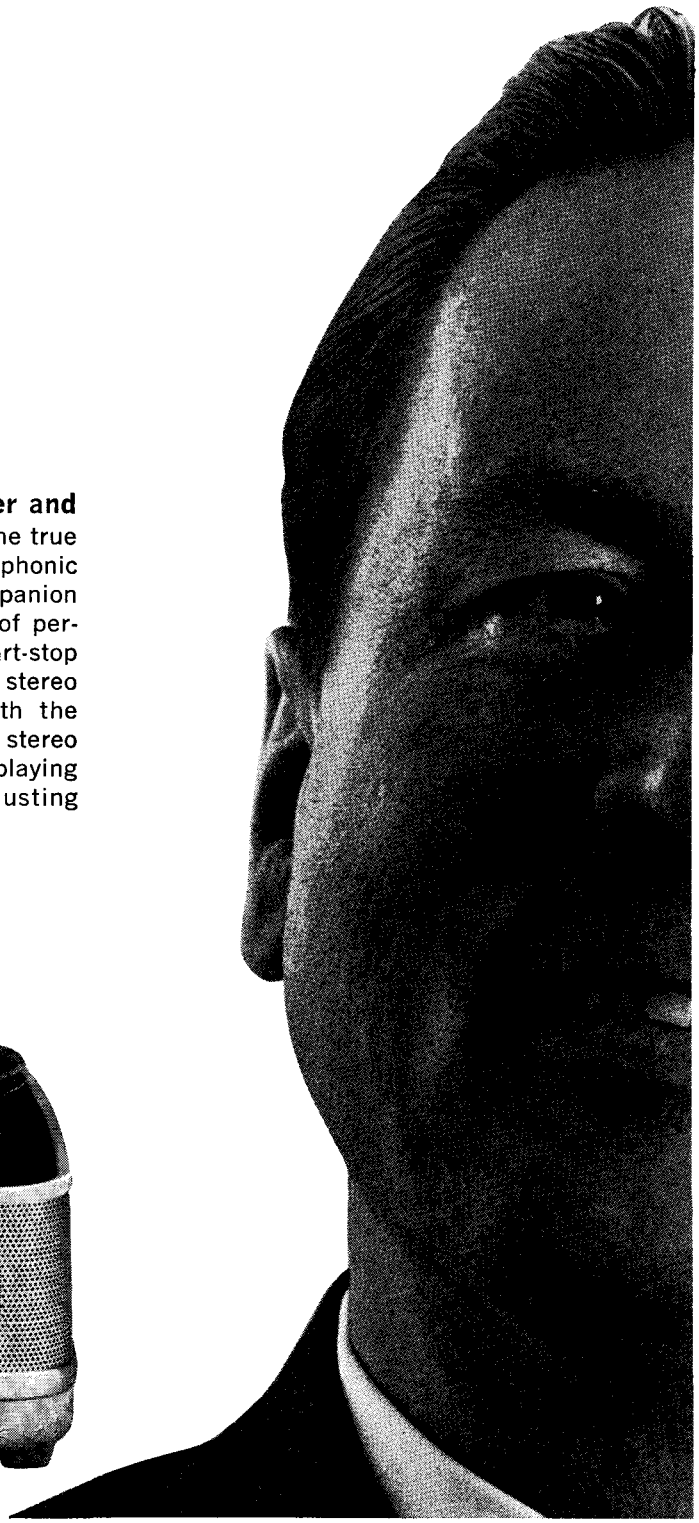
# Stereo Sound...



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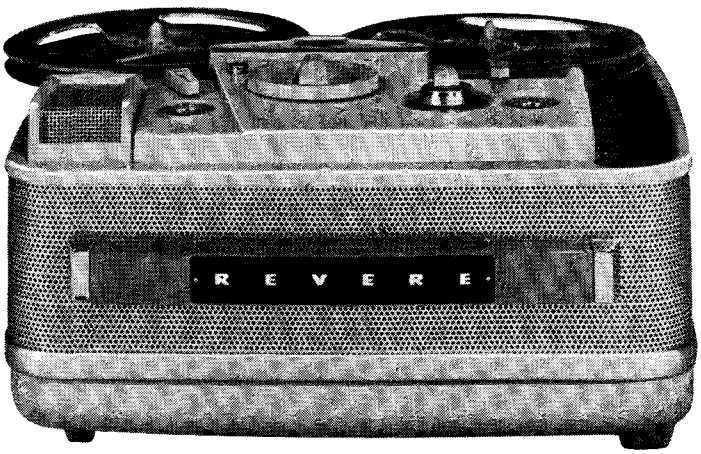


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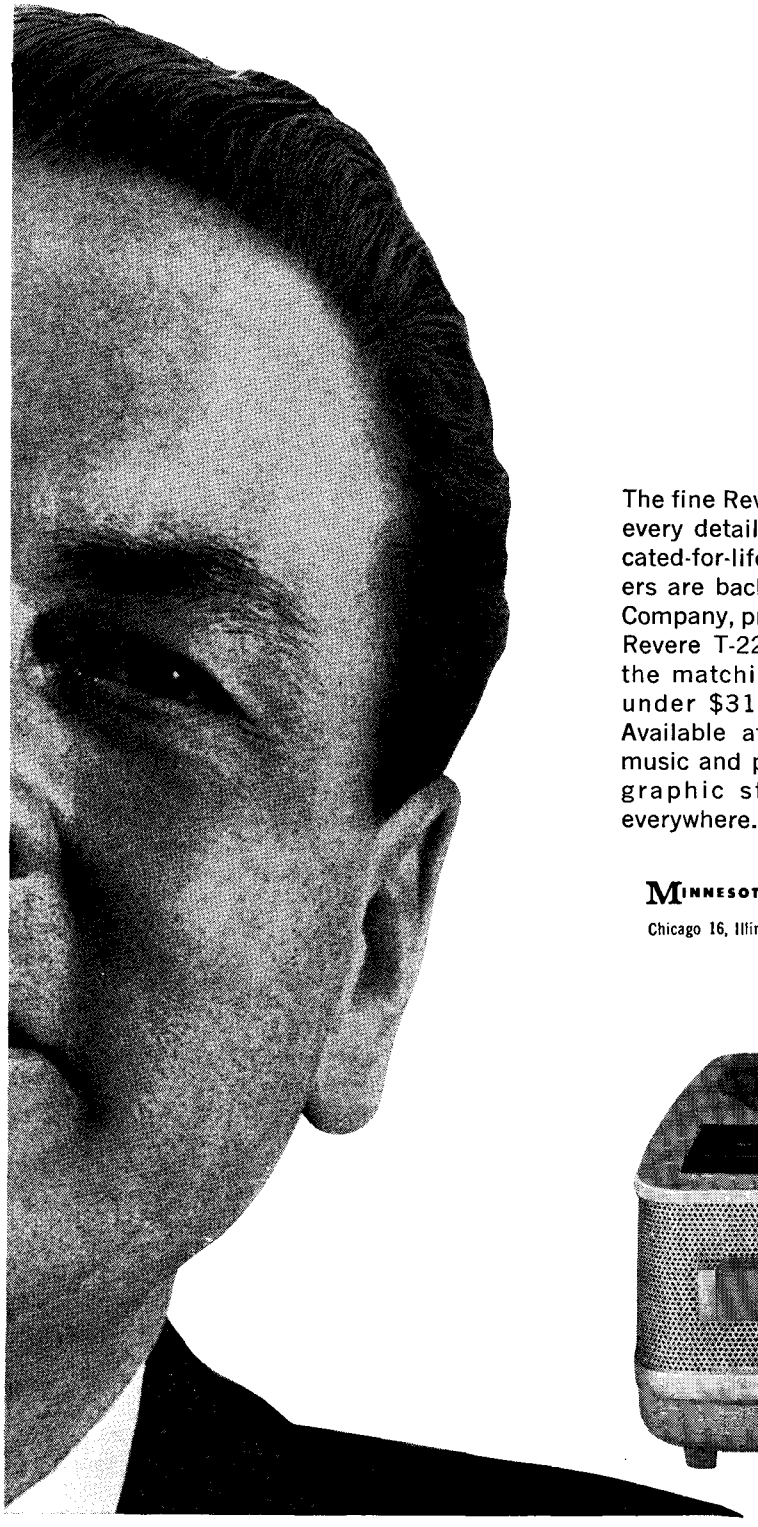
# pure and simple



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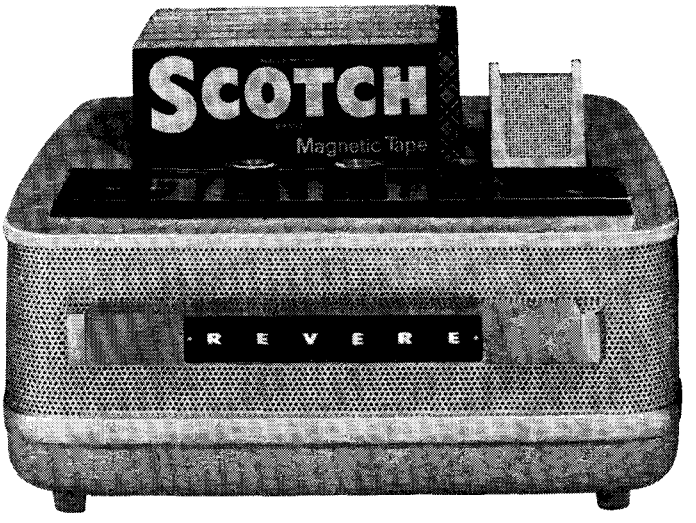


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# Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

**THE FAMILY OF IDEAS.** The father of one of my good friends—call him Mr. Friend—once defined poetry as "where every line begins with a capital letter." There was a time, of course, when that definition, whether or not it defined anything, would at least have been typographically descriptive. But try telling that to e. e. cummings.

There are still those staunch souls and true who will uphold Mr. Friend's definition, as they will reject any poem that cannot fit it. But let the point be made that whatever such a definition may or may not say about poetry, it says a great deal about the man that makes it. Mr. Friend was, among other things, a passionate amateur cabinetmaker. I submit that one need know no more about him than his definition of poetry in order to know what sort of furniture he made. His pieces were square, rectangular, circular, or occasionally oval. Or they might venture into a scroll effect. But that was the total family of lines Mr. Friend carried in his head. It is inconceivable that he would turn out, let us say, a kidney-shaped coffee table with a hole in it.

Let no one understand me as upholding kidney-shaped coffee tables with holes in them as a final achievement of what Deep Thinkers call Western Culture. I do not own such a coffee table, do not want one, and generally expect the people who feature them to have ugly children and surly dogs.

My only point is that ideas tend to gather in our minds in families. Mr. Friend's family of ideas was neat and competent. Those who trust metaphor will allow me to say that he lived by a Geometric Family of ideas.

That Geometric Family of ideas is far from poverty-stricken and it has within its genes the possibility of stout sons and beautiful daughters. But it is, nonetheless, a limited family. Try to train one of the boys to run a computer, or one of the girls to be a lady astronaut, or one of the uncles to design a ballet set, and the family flunks the test.

Geometry built the temples straight for the Greeks. And whatever miseries befell the slaves of the Greeks in the process, the conceptual world from which those temples rose remains an enduringly attractive thing, perhaps precisely because it was still possible then to let a geometric temple stand for man's position. The Greek man could truly and honorably feel that the world did in fact rest as squarely and as serenely in place as did those columns and the proportioned triangles that rode them as pediments.

But what man today can feel the world to be as square and as trim as that? Or can feel that his ultimate relation to himself and to his idea of the infinite can be expressed with geometric certainty?

Only the backward-minded man can permit himself the assurance of bringing himself to rest on such a family of ideas. Only such an antiquarian can feel that his human possibilities are adequately expressed in a Greek temple, or—to swing wide—in an early American cherrywood highboy. Mr. Friend was a good man and a pleasant one, but as mind goes he was a duffer.

Nor is there any way for minds of the Geometric Family to be anything but duffers when they take an esthetic position. It was Pavlov, I believe, who used to cry, "Think in other categories!" But what other categories can that man of geometric mind reach to?

Geometry is a mathematics of assurance. It has nothing to do with imprecisions and probabilities. It cannot extrapolate. It cannot chart variables. It can parse out circles, but it is helpless as soon as the circle begins to rotate. And what follows when a second circle begins to rotate at a different rate and it becomes the problem to keep track of the relation between a point on the circumference of Circle A and another on the circumference of Circle B? And then assume that the point on A is moving at its own rate with the rotation and that the point on B is moving at its own rate against the rotation. And then toss in another batch of circles, a flight of ovoids, and a squall of free forms, all spinning away at their own rate, and all containing erratic particles whose interrelations matter. As one case only, the mathematics between us and the moon is littered with just such figures.

But I am discussing metaphor, not mathematics. My mathematics may easily be wrong, even in so vague a venture. My metaphor is to defend. A sensitive man of these queer times (which is to say, of these times thought about, for all times are queer when men truly put their minds and feelings to them) can far more readily feel himself expressed by one of those blurring points on the spinning circles than by the firm-footed certainties of geometry.

If that man is an artist he can do no more than *feel* his way, and inevitably he must feel that geometry is too narrow a range for the expression of his necessary sensibilities. That artist may fail. It is among his duties as an artist to set his sights so high that a valiant failure is the best he can hope for. But he will be failing in the right direction. Whereas even the successes of the geometry-minded—whatever political capital they may make of the fact that most of their fellow citizens have similarly constricted minds—are within limits that push the mind backward.

And that, of course, is more metaphor. But it is my profession to trust metaphor. As it is in defense of my profession to reject the esthetics of the geometry-minded. And to reject them not exclusively in terms of what they say, but because what they say evidences a family of ideas that cannot conceivably be competent to the needs of a sensitive man's speculations within this spinning world.

**THE BRAVE'S BELLES:** Why do men fight? Matador Miguel Dominguin has been at it for some time. In an article entitled "*Toros y Toreros*" (translated from *Les Lettres Françaises* by Atlas ("The Magazine of the World Press") matador Dominguin comes up with an insight that will do to confirm the thoughtful, to educate the simple, and to tell the girls in the cheering section what they already know well enough about the boys on the ten-yard line.

"Why then do bullfighters enter the arena?" asks Don Dominguin. "Why, in the atomic age, do we don the *Traje de Luces* and the pink stockings? I have sought the answer more than once and I have found it in women—in the presence of women in the tiers. If women did not attend the spectacle, there would be no bullfighters. At any rate, I would not be one."

The temptation to generalize from bulls and belles on the one hand to every blood-and-guts-contest and the mating-call on the other is just barely resistable and just barely resisted, but Everyman-His-Own-Cogitator should certainly be able to find a free-wheeling game of association in the thought.

*Atlas*, incidentally, is a new magazine (Quincy Howe, editor; Eleanor Davidson Worley, publisher-editor) featuring not only original articles but translations into English of outstanding pieces from publications in eighteen foreign languages.

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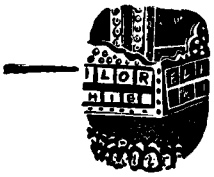

## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Life Situation

**"The Mark"** is a film that could have gone wrong almost at any point in its progress, and hasn't. Consider the problem of a director showing what happens to a young man who has just emerged from prison, after serving three years for abducting a little girl with intent to sexually assault. Is he cured? Will he try something similar again? Are the little girls he meets safe from his perverted desires? It is this kind of thing that Guy Green, the director, and Sidney Buchman, the screenwriter, have entirely avoided. They have even gone so far as to make a highly intelligent and thorough exploration of the problems of adjustment of such a man. He is provided, in other words, with what I suspect the psychiatrists would call a life situation.

There is a psychiatrist in the movie, too. Unlike other movie psychiatrists, he does not wear horn-rimmed glasses with thick lenses, nor does he speak with a faintly Viennese accent. As Rod Steiger plays him, he is a quick-tempered Irishman, with a shock of unruly hair, and with a great deal of warmth and humanness. When Stuart Whitman, as Jim Fuller, comes to him after his release from prison (where the doctor had served as prison psychiatrist) they have talks that seem real (no eerie "Spellbound"-type music on the soundtrack), they boldly tackle the unmentionable, sift through attitudes, possibilities of action and behavior, and cope with what after a while looms as that huge problem, living with and living down a past that has left marks of shame and guilt.

Luckily, a psychiatric mood does not hang over the entire film. Fuller has to go out and live. He takes a commonplace room in a commonplace rooming house run by an ordinary, elderly couple. He joins a firm run by an efficient, hard-driving employer, who knows about the prison record, and takes pride in his broadmindedness. And he meets a woman who represents a challenge to his normality and manliness, and who has a small daughter.

Instead of the film going haywire at this point, with our fears aroused for the little girl, we soon see that the young man has gotten over what has been shown to us as mental sickness, and that though he still has problems enough, Lord knows, those around him have problems too. When the nature of his crime is exposed by an overzealous newspaperman, he is tested and so is everyone around him. The woman (Maria Schell), who is by now his fiancée, reacts with instinct rather than understanding. The employer must protect himself. The landlady reveals her stupidity, as well as neurotic problems of her own. And the young man, haunted still by a sense of shame, and cringing from the psychic blows struck at him by his environment, has a choice to make which provides, in essence, the climax of the picture.

Rod Steiger talks to Stuart Whitman—"a good deal of warmth and humanness."

All of this represents, it seems to me, very intelligent handling of a potentially sensationalistic story. We're not really accustomed to this kind of treatment of a bold subject in movies. Perhaps this is what gives the film a much greater impact than it might otherwise have had. To see ideas and attitudes handled as though the entire audience had a relatively mature knowledge of such problems comes as a refreshing experience. And, instead of aiming for some sort of shattering climax, the movie simply reinforces its points with a mild, touching close, as though the aim all along had been understanding.

Yet, because the focus is kept on the "problem" one would like the characters to have more life, to loom larger. Whitman, a not entirely skilled actor, has enough implicit belief in Jim Fuller to hit all his notes correctly, and with feeling. But he doesn't quite open up. Maria Schell is a little vague, a little too patly explained. On the other hand, Donald Wolfit and Brenda de Banzie are splendid in conventional roles, and Rod Steiger gives one of his best performances as the psychiatrist. You believe him, and for that kind of conviction highly capable acting is required.

"The Mark" is a British film, in that the majority of the personnel involved in its making are British. But it actually falls in a sort of independent "no-man's-land" between Hollywood and the British film industry. Sidney Buchman, co-producer and screenwriter, is an American who years ago ran into political trouble in Hollywood. Guy Green is the British director responsible for a good recent movie, "The Angry Silence." Financing, I suspect, came from both British and American sources. This kind of independent co-production, in which actors of more than one nationality are mingled, is still not exactly common, but is becoming more frequent. In this case it has resulted in a very good film, for adults of course. It demonstrates that good taste and restraint can take a potentially lurid theme out of the realm of the melodramatic, and actually give it contemporary significance. It might be mentioned that the Charles Israel novel on which the picture has been based had an American setting. Mr. Buchman has neatly transferred it to Britain, and no damage done. Most of the interiors were made in an Irish studio. It looks as though people who really want to make a film will have all sorts of ways and places these days to do it.

—Hollis Alpert.

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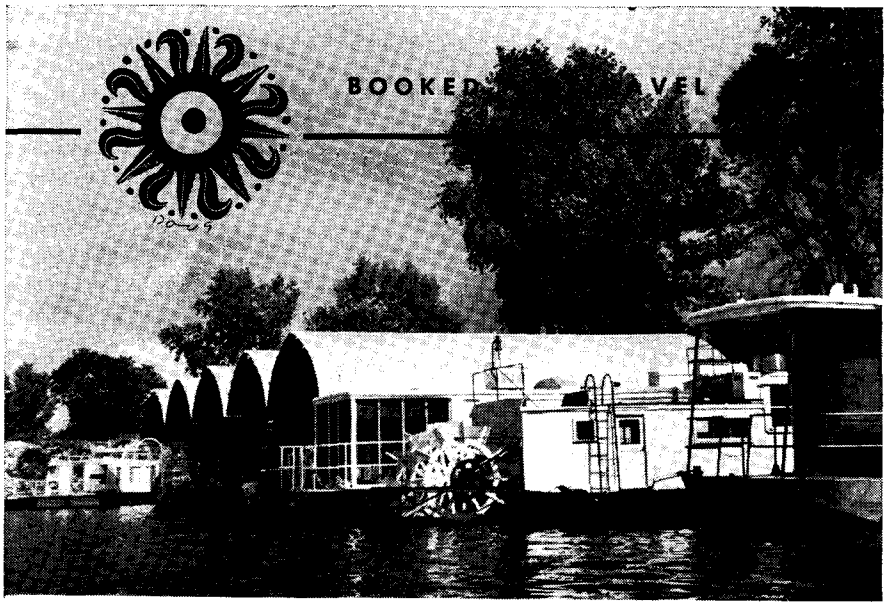

—*H.S.*

**Boat harbor in the sloughs near Winona, Minnesota—paddle-wheel steamers, waterborne jets, and clambakes on a sandbar.**

## River View

THE MISSISSIPPI, in ballad and book, has emerged as an exclusive property of the Southern states where, as everybody knows, it runs past the levees, through crowds of Negroes totin' bales, carrying paddlewheelers, river gamblers and memories of Mark Twain. It was, therefore, something of a surprise for me the other week to find the Mississippi coursing through the middle of Minnesota, of all places. For all I know it has been doing it for years.

Below the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, about which some words were recently recorded in this space (*SR,* July 15, 1961), the Mississippi flows along the banks of the metropolis of Red Wing, where, indeed, its main channel is a mere block from the main drag. Living by the river is a special pleasure in summer and not the least of Red Wing's sights is its boathouse village, a collection of 200 floating garages in which the burghers store their boats, and which they are fond of comparing to Hong Kong's floating villages. I must say the similarity was rather obscure to me, but the vista of the boathouses, riding up and down with the tide on rough-hewn tree trunks planted in the river bed—they call them gin poles—was, all the same, a sight to remember.

Outboard runabouts tied up along the dockside are about as commonplace in Red Wing as carpet sweepers in the local closets, but the trend here in the river-split Midwest is toward pontoon boats and houseboats which offer roomier living than cabin cruisers, open motorboats, and sailboats. Pontoon boats, a sort of floating platform sometimes covered by an awning and powered by outboard motors, cost about $400 to $500, and a full-fledged houseboat, without the motors, might cost about $3,000. However, down near Colvill Park in Red Wing, visitors can rent all manner of craft, including houseboats and pontoon boats, and go spluttering off for a floating vacation on the Mississippi. A thirty-four foot River Queen houseboat which has a galley and a lavatory and will sleep four comfortably and six in a squeeze, costs $250 a week if you're willing to be your own helmsman and pilot. A smaller edition (two comfortably and four in a squeeze) costs $175 a week. In either case the management, a trusting body if ever I found one, says it can check out almost anyone as a river pilot in ten minutes' time, a cram course which includes lessons in how to pull the lanyard that rings the bell. No licenses are required of anyone driving a boat smaller than forty feet. Going through the locks and dams, of which there are twenty-five between St. Paul and St. Louis, is another thing, but so many amateur river pilots do it that the Army's Corps of Engineers has published a booklet explaining the rules and techniques.

If the locks and dams constitute a hazard, however small, to the boat owner, they are a boon to the fisherman, for every damsite produces a pool and every pool is filled with fish. Float fishing in the pools is a prime pleasure here on the Upper Mississippi. There are no less than twenty-six pools in the 651-mile stretch between Minneapolis and Alton, Illinois.

Larger boats can cruise the Mississippi to almost anywhere in the world, but smaller boats have advantages too, a prime one being that they can examine the backwater sloughs of the Mississippi for days on end, picking out camping sites, sandy beaches that rim islands in mid-river, and shady pools where, especially in the cleaner waters of the upper Mississippi, one can hook a wall-eyed pike, a giant catfish, and even a sturgeon. The self-styled "river rats" of Red Wing sometimes find sport in racing beaver. Floating bird-watchers will find cranes, blue herons, egrets, and bald eagles, to mention some majestic varieties. A vast stretch of the land comes under the protections of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Besides protecting the birds, the Service makes the sandbars created by mid-river dredging open to the public, and sunning space on them on Sundays in summer is at no less a premium than five clear feet of sand on a hot August week-end at Coney Island. The precincts that make up the river preserve stretch for 284 miles from the foot of Lake Pepin, a vast water playground itself, to Rock Island, Illinois.

There are over 200 river access areas, all of them free to the public, between St. Paul and St. Louis. In the lovely river town of Winona, south and east along the Mississippi from Red Wing, there are no less than a dozen small boat harbors. The town's population is about 25,000.

TOOLING around the sloughs in a new $9,000 red and white power boat belonging to a local citizen the other week, we came upon one hidden anchorage after another where boats waited for the five o'clock whistle that would bring their owners out for an evening ride. Sometimes a dozen boats or more, led by a commodore, weigh anchor and sail on a single-file joint cruise.

At dinner time the charcoal broilers are brought ashore for a community clambake on a mid-Mississippi sandbar. For floating housewives and husbands who would rather not spend their summer evenings slaving over a hot charcoal broiler, the Williams Hotel in Winona offers a floating catering service, and upon proper notice will dispatch one of its skiffs to any sandbar you name, where it will set up an al fresco kitchen and bar. The local Niarchos, should there be one, could charter a whole paddlewheeler called the *Hiawatha Belle* for thirty *Federal* dollars an hour, but the *Belle* makes two public trips daily for which it charges a modest price, cruising up to the locks and dam and back over a two-hour course.

Since Winona traces it beginnings

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back to 1851, when two settlers were dropped off here by the steamboat, paddlewheelers have a special interest hereabouts. The Winona County Historical Society has planted a retired steamer, which it has named the *Julius C. Wilkie*, in Levee Park at the foot of Main St., looking out on the river and the bluffs of Wisconsin rising out of the far shore. The *Wilkie*, which was built in 1898, is filled now with all sorts of river lore including letters from Robert Fulton to James Monroe, Secretary of War in 1814, and agreements between Fulton and Stephen Decatur for the development of waterborne arms. The upper saloon of the *Wilkie*, a steamer which sailed in the Moline area as the *Pearson*, has been made into a museum, and the twelve staterooms, in which crinoline-wearing ladies and river dandies once luxuriated, have been torn out. On view is the old pilot wheel of the *Wenonah* and even a recording of its whistle. The back-up bell still rings loud and clear, and frequently when children are on board. The calliope still gasps and wheezes and sends its bloated notes bouncing against the Wisconsin palisades. On the bulkhead hang paintings of German origin showing two steamboats plying the Mississippi, a river bordered, as the German artist depicted it, with palm trees and coconuts.

STEAMBOATS have held a romantic fascination for all people, even those out of the earliest of Jerome Kern melodies, ever since the first one was floated on the Mississippi in 1811. Although it was built on the Ohio, the first steamboat went to New Orleans, and thereafter could only muster enough power to get as far as Natchez. By the 1820s swift steamers were making the voyage from St. Louis to Fort Snelling (at what developed into the Twin cities) in twenty days. It took six weeks overland. Steamboats were always blowing up or hitting floating logs, and as the Winona Historical people say, a voyage down to New Orleans one hundred years ago was perhaps more of an adventure than a round-the-world trip today.

Steamboats are rare on the river nowadays and most of them are oddities, museum pieces, or one-of-a-kind diehards, like the passenger ship that is still dispatched on regular cruises by the Greene Line. Commercial tow boats still plow up and down the river and commercial fishermen still work their lines, too. Jet boats are the newest thing, but for every flashy craft riding on a new fangled air cushion there must be fifty houseboats and a hundred pontoon boats, a sort of individualized refinement of the roomy old paddlewheeling steamboat.

AND for those who want no part of boats there is the Great River Road, also known as the Mississippi River Parkway, which runs in stretches now along the edge of the great waterway. From Red Wing south through Winona to La Crosse, Wisconsin, it winds now through the Hiawatha Valley through one of the most scenic routes in America, a trough worn by erosion that began 400 million years ago. One day the highway may become a 2,300-mile causeway from Canada clear to the Gulf of Mexico, or, as they are saying out here, from the land of pine to the land of palms, and all of it by automobile.

—HORACE SUTTON.

—*H.S.*

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# Ring Around the President

***"The Kennedy Government," by Stan Opotowsky*** *(Dutton. 203 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Kennedy Circle," edited by Lester Tanzer*** *(Robert B. Luce. 315 pp. $4.85), introduce some of the "new frontiersmen" with whom the President has surrounded himself to form the youngest Administration in United States history. Sidney Warren, history professor at California Western University, is currently working on a study of the American President as world leader.*

By Sidney Warren

IT IS almost inconceivable that as recently as the McKinley Administration the White House staff consisted of only one full-time secretary. And at that, he was the first for whose services Congress was willing to appropriate funds. By 1939, responding to the plea of the Brownlow Commission appointed by Franklin D. Roosevelt that "the President needs help," Congress established the Executive Office of the President. Today, in order to keep pace with the mounting requirements of a complex society, it is an institution of more than a thousand individuals with an annual budget of $5,000,000, and this does not include the White House staff itself.

The type of men with whom a President surrounds himself reflects his own administrative style and his approach to the office. In "The Kennedy Circle," Lester Tanzer has compiled twelve essays dealing with nineteen men of the White House staff, advisers, and Cabinet members, who are helping to define the character, create the tone, and set the pace of the present Administration. Each chapter was written by a trained journalist: Elie Abel, Alan E. Adams, Ben H. Bagdikian, Carroll Kilpatrick, Mary McGrory, Dan Oberdorfer, Michael J. O'Neill, Alan L. Otten, Walter Pincus, Thomas B. Ross, Charles B. Seib, Hugh Sidey, and David Wise. David Brinkley provides the Introduction, in which he ably outlines the qualities that characterize the Kennedy personalities.

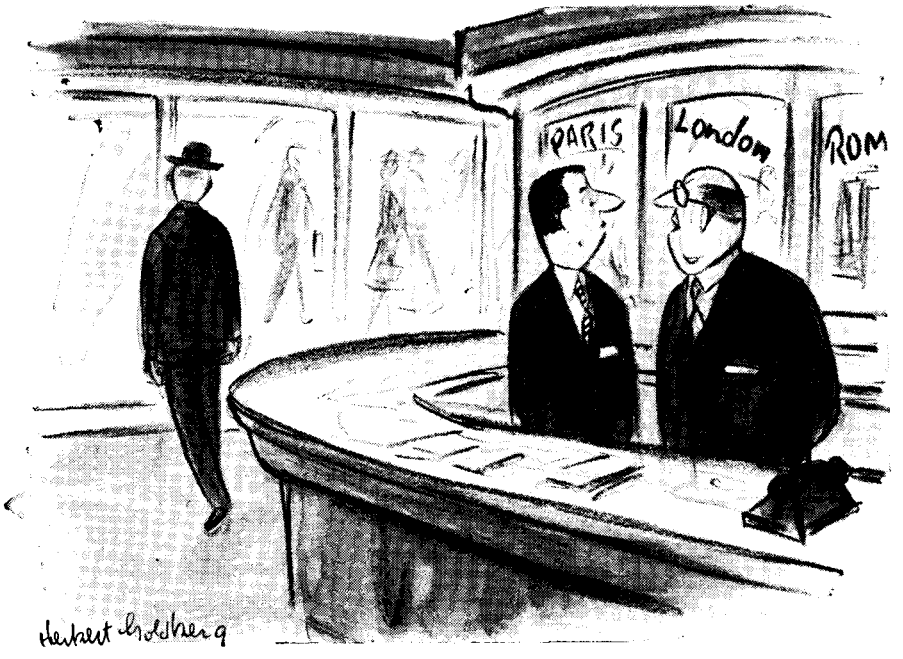
One omission is particularly puzzling. There is no chapter on Adlai Stevenson, who, as Ambassador to the United Nations and also as a highly placed confidant in foreign policy matters, obviously occupies a place of preeminence in the "Circle." Also neglected are such key figures as Special Ambassador Averill Harriman, Chester Bowles, and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Very similar in purpose and scope is "The Kennedy Government," by Stanley Opotowsky, a reporter on the New York *Post*. This is more of a thumbnail guide to the men on the stage and behind the scenes, but it contains some material not dealt with in the Tanzer volume: the men and policies of the regulatory agencies, the new leadership in Congress, the Vice President, the Ambassador to the U.N., and the National Chairman of the Democratic Party.

FROM either book the reader will learn that in terms of chronological age this is the youngest Administration in our history. Moderately liberal in outlook and definitely not propelled by ideological theories, it is rather pragmatically oriented and aware of the necessity for reconciling the desirable with the possible. Moreover, it is strikingly energetic and at the same time highly intellectual. What other Administration could boast of so many Harvard men, Phi Beta Kappas, four Rhodes scholars, and a Nobel Prize-winner? On the whole it is composed of amateur political craftsmen as compared with the "old pro" variety, and comes from a diversity of geographic, religious, ethnic, social, and economic backgrounds.

Yet however capable the men around Kennedy may be and however forceful their personalities, close observers of the Washington scene would agree with Alan Otten that "no one of them . . . can remotely be considered *the* power behind the President—a puppet master, all important, indispensable." There is no alter ego of the President like Colonel House, or a confidential adviser like Harry Hopkins, or a head of the palace guard such as Sherman Adams. In his memoirs Secretary of War Stimson complained (and others shared his feelings) about Roosevelt's tendency to bypass his Constitutional advisers and consult his informal confidants. Under Eisenhower the White House Administration operated along the lines laid down in an organization chart with the chain of command clearly defined and Adams at the head of it all.

It is significant that Kennedy abolished the Sherman Adams post, which




**"See here Tillinghast, the next time someone comes in here saying he wants to get away from it all, stop telling him he's only running away from himself."**

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was *the* Assistant to the President. Even Ted Sorensen, who is regarded as the man closest to Kennedy as adviser, speech writer, political manipulator, and general trouble shooter, does not have jurisdiction over the rest of the White House staff. Kennedy's approach to the Presidency seems to preclude excessive reliance upon any one man for advice, or the filtering of policy proposals through a chief of staff. His method is to obtain suggestions on policy from a variety of sources and reserve to himself the right to decide from among the alternatives.

Administration can never be a substitute for wise policy, but effective administration can spare the President the routine of petty detail and thus enable him to concentrate on matters of first importance. To the extent to which the men on whom he relies are able to offer sound advice and effectively implement policies, the President will be successful in discharging his responsibilities. The place which the Kennedy men will make for themselves in history will be determined by the philosophy and convictions that they bring to their office, and the wisdom and skill with which they respond to the needs of the day. Thus far the high hopes entertained for them remain to be fulfilled.

The profiles in both books are factually reliable and to a great extent contain the same information. Apparently the authors drew upon similar sources, and even some of the anecdotes, with slight variations, appear in both. The material in the Tanzer book, however, is considerably more detailed. In any collection of independently pre-

pared pieces the quality is bound to be somewhat uneven, but for the most part they are marked by a mature and lively style, perceptive personality evaluations, and thoughtful comments on the dimensions and tasks of the office involved. Opotowsky's book is almost pure journalese, on the order of sketches in the weekly news magazines, with some of the treatments reminiscent of campaign biographies. These volumes make entertaining reading for those who enjoy personality studies of people in high places. And those who want a handy Who's Who of top officialdom will find them convenient sources.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## STREET SIGNS

Phyllis J. Yates of Los Angeles, California, offers a short course in highway identification in this assortment of queries with literary, dramatic, and musical connotations, usually titular. Road map is on page 36.

1. Maude Adams starred in it, Sir James Barrie wrote it.
2. Poe located the world's first detective story here.
3. What actress won an Academy Award for her performance in "A Streetcar Named Desire"?
4. In what city would you be most likely to start humming "The Beale Street Blues"?
5. Sinclair Lewis jolted America with this stem.
6. Gloria Swanson made her movie comeback on this thoroughfare.
7. To what address did Dr. Johnson consign "writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems"?
8. What great sonneteer lived on Wimpole Street?
9. When Patrick Hamilton's motion picture "Gaslight" set a long-run Broadway record as a play, it did so under the name of what street?
10. What Street is associated with Perry Mason?
11. From what book did Adria Locke Langley get the title for her novel "A Lion Is in the Streets"?
12. Where do people do their parading in Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade"?
13. Who is the author of "Main Street, U.S.S.R."?
14. What famous music center is known as "the Grand Old Lady of Locust Street"?
15. "Street" is part of the last name of New England's first poet. What is the rest of it.


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# In the Vanguard of Civil Rights

***"One Hundred Years of Negro Freedom," by Arna Bontemps*** *(Dodd, Mead. 288 pp. $3.50), portrays some of the men who achieved prominence as colored leaders during the century since Emancipation. Saunders Redding's latest book is "The Lonesome Road."*

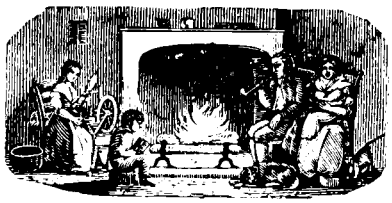
By Saunders Redding

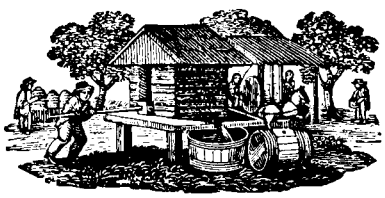
NEAR the end of his new book, Arna Bontemps writes: "The story of the Negro in the United States as seen in the leadership he has recognized since Emancipation does not pull strands together into a single thread as it reaches the present." But pulling the strands together is exactly what Bontemps attempts to do in "One Hundred Years of Negro Freedom." That he does not completely succeed is due partly to the intractability of historical fact and partly to his choice of those he recognizes as Negro leaders.

Few readers will quarrel with most of his choices. Though the great figures, including Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. Du Bois, and Philip Randolph, are perhaps equally imperative in the demands they make on a historical writer's emotional and intellectual resources, it is Booker Washington who gets the fullest treatment. Many, doubtless, will say that this is as it should be. But Bontemps's treatment of Washington has a certain ambivalence in it: his urge to tell the hard truth is too nicely balanced by a soft desire to preserve the hero image. The result is hints, glosses, inferences ("his motives can only be guessed," his reasons were "curious," "his accounts show that he purchased more whiskey than would ordinarily be necessary for medicinal purposes")—hints and glosses, rather than forthright statements, about some aspects of Booker Washington's character, habits, and methods of operation. The fact is that Washington was a ruthless infighter, who tried to ruin those he could not control, and who sometimes drank more than was good for him. In much of Bontemps's treatment of the "wizard" of Tuskegee the myth prevails over the man.

But this is the only instance. A clear-eyed and humorously sly detachment characterizes most of the other sketches in the book—though "sketches" is not the word for all of them. It is the word for such rather peripheral characters as J. C. Price, who died too soon after founding Livingstone College; and Benjamin "Pap" Singleton, who boasted that he was "the whole cause" of the westward Negro migration in the 1870s; and Richard T. Greener, that sad, futile man who was the first Negro graduate of Harvard College and who, when he returned to the Negro race in his old age, lost his seven children to the white race. But W. E. B. Du Bois is certainly not sketched. He moves through the pages of Bontemps's book as he has moved through life—sharp-tongued, irascible, courageously independent, and absolutely incorruptible.

The most fascinating portrait is of P. B. S. Pinchback, first a professional gambler, then businessman and successful politician, and always a *bon vivant*. Whether he was also a Negro "leader" is debatable. His paper, the *Louisianian*, did protest against the rise of Kluxism and the influence of "corruptionists" and "bulldozers" over Negro voters. He did go about the country making speeches to conventions of Negroes. And, heeding what Fred Douglass had to say about the reputation of the Negro race being the responsibility of Negroes in the public eye, Pinchback, in his short term as acting Governor of Louisiana, was called "honest." Still, opinion must hold that he was a clever self-seeker. But whatever he was or was not, his story makes an exciting chapter in an expertly written book.





**SAGA OF THE MANY:** Behind the political events that formed our country's history from 1789 to 1914 lay the unsung, but indispensable labors of the average American, to whom tribute is paid in **"Family Album for Americans,"** by Michael and Vera Kraus (Grosset & Dunlap, $9.95). Vivid period pictures portray a people whose rigorous daily lives denied them frivolity, but who found enjoyment nonetheless in cooperative quilting parties and corn husking bees.

*—Illustrations from the book.*

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# Hutchins

*Continued from page* 12

would be unconstitutional would be limitations or inhibitions on learning. I like the Black country because this is the essential content and spirit of its constitution.

So far I have indicated some of the known boundaries of Justice Black country. I should like now to strike out strictly on my own and describe some of the contours and topographical features which probably characterize that part of the countryside at present marked off as *terra incognita*. This mapping expedition will, of course, prove no idle undertaking if I am right in my guess that forces and events are pushing us toward eventual resettlement in this new and exciting country.

Let me begin with the basic, if perhaps trite, observation that learning is a rational process. Law is an ordinance of reason, directed to the common good. The process of deciding to make or not to make a law, or the process of reaching a judicial conclusion, is to be criticized in terms of its conformity not to local or popular but to universal standards of reasonableness. If the Constitution is to teach us, and we are to learn under its instructions, the dialogue that goes on about its meaning must be about what is reasonable and unreasonable, right and wrong, just and unjust. The question is not what interests are at stake, not what are the mores of the community, not who has the power or who is the dominant group, but what is reasonable, right, and just.

Since, as John Dewey remarked, we have a government of lawyers, and not of men, lawyers should understand that there is or ought to be a normative jurisprudence which prescribes something more than correct procedure. The lamentable state of legal education is one of the principal obstacles to our learning through the political community.

There are others. Our situation has changed too fast for our ideas. Our ideology, by which I mean that set of ideas which has hardened into a linear series of slogans, one of which leads into the other without the intervention of thought, is far behind the facts of life. Our institutions, operated in terms of that ideology, have a character that seems sometimes primitive, sometimes unreal, sometimes fantastic, when we think of the obligations and opportunities of our country in the contemporary world. We know that tremendous changes are going on, and that still greater are impending. Of the two pillars of our society, property and work, the first has now been transformed; it has changed from visible goods into a series of claims; and the second is certain to disappear. We are going to have to live in a world without work, a world without want, a world without disease, and, if we are to live at all, in a world without war. With the Gross National Product hovering around an all-time high, one-third of the productive capacity of our industries lies idle. What are we going to do with our goods? What are we going to do with ourselves? We now have to learn more, and learn it faster, than any other people in history. The time to revive and reconstruct the political community is at hand.

It seems likely that this age will be one either of innovation or of extinction. Without innovation the human race may not be extinguished, though the technical means of

achieving this result are now available. What will be extinguished, in the absence of innovation, is the free society, the political community. Only if we can tear ourselves loose from our prejudices, from our ideology, from slogans, only if we can take a fresh look at the world and exercise the same kind of intelligence, character, and inventiveness that the Founding Fathers showed can we hope to revive, reconstruct, and preserve the political community.

Take four successive days in the recent work schedule of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. On the first day our staff economist demonstrated that the market was not working and could not work. He then demonstrated with equal clarity that economic planning, the only visible alternative to the market, was not working either. He said it would be necessary to develop new economic ideas and new economic institutions to meet the problems of a totally new world.

On the second day a Canadian expert reported to us on his experiences with commercial and non-commercial broadcasting in Canada and England, and on his observations elsewhere. He declared that no form of public, semi-public, or quasi-public control of broadcasting had been able to resist the advertising agencies anywhere and said that if the agencies were to be resisted—a move which he thought indispensable to the health, morality, and sanity of the world—new ideas would have to appear and new methods would have to be invented.

On the third day a professor from the Australian National University, beginning with a conviction that the United Kingdom would join the European Common Market, and going on to trace the effect of this action on the British Commonwealth, came to the conclusion that we were rapidly moving into some form of world political organization, and speculated that if such an organization was to be in any sense free and democratic, new political forms would have to be developed. Something is going to replace the nation states. But what?

On the fourth day a student of the American character recalled to us de Tocqueville's remark that the individual is a defaulted citizen, that democracy produces individualism, and that individualism first saps the virtues of public life, then ends in pure selfishness. De Tocqueville said that democracy, by way of individualism, throws every man "back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart." The citizens of the United States, de Tocqueville thought, would escape this fate because our Constitution required us to learn together to seek the common good. We would be forced, he said, by the necessity of cooperating in the management of our free institutions, and by our desire to exercise our political rights, into the habit of attending to the interests of the public.

The student of the American character, a professor from Berkeley, California, pointed out that de Tocque-

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ville's expectations had not been fulfilled, that the people of the United States are in fact defaulted citizens, with an indifference and even a hostility to government, politics, and law that would have astounded de Tocqueville—and the Founding Fathers. Instead of being a citizen, he contended, the American individual is a consumer, an object of propaganda, and a statistical unit. The conclusion of the professor from Berkeley was that the political community had been wrecked on the rocks of our ideology, by such slogans as "free enterprise" and "that government is best which governs least," and was now extinct. In view of the condition of our education, our mass media, and our political parties, and in view of the absence of any massive new effort to reconstruct our attitudes and our institutions, the professor believed that the outlook for democracy, for the free society, and for the political community was hopeless.

All the studies that the Center has been carrying on come out at the same place: we are entering a totally new world, and we are not very well prepared for it.

The demands of this new world, like the demands of the political community, are first of all intellectual. They are demands that we think, and learn. We face them ill-prepared. Our educational system is not unfairly characterized by reference to the course in Family Living in a high school in upstate New York. The last unit of this course is called, "How to be Livable, Lovable, and Datable." The education of adults, which might be the answer to the question of what we shall do with ourselves, is in a deplorable state. Thirty million Americans, for example, are without any library service whatever. We have triumphantly invented, perfected, and distributed to the humblest cottage throughout the land one of the greatest technical marvels in history, television, and have used it for what? To bring Coney Island into every home. It is as though movable type had been devoted exclusively since Gutenberg's time to the publication of comic books. "Wasteland" is too good a name for it.

When it comes to learning through the political community, the object is to learn how to be a responsible citizen, enjoying liberty under law. The freedom of the individual must be protected, but in addition the citizen must grow in responsibility if our country is to become conscious of itself as a part of Humanity and to think Humanity in order to organize it. Individual freedom and liberty under law are not incompatible, and they are both indispensable.

Law is a great teacher. It does not represent that minimum of morality necessary to hold the community together. It stands rather for such moral truth as the community has discovered that can and should be supported by the authority of the community. The conception of law as coercion, or the command of the sovereign, or the expression of power, or what the courts will do, leads us to the conclusion that every effort should be made to avoid law and that it is proper to do anything that no sovereign, power, or court can compel you to abstain from doing. Some such misconception must have been in the mind of our government when it organized a foray into Cuba in violation of our own laws and in violation of international law. This fiasco suggests either that our officials are hypocritical when they make obeisance to the Rule of Law or that when they used the words "Rule of Law" they do not know what they are talking about.

SOME of the principles of world law are of great antiquity. Others are gradually emerging. Justice Black referred to them in 1941 in the submerged land cases and again in 1946 when he said that "there has grown up in the field of international relations a body of customs defining with more or less certainty the duties owing by all nations to alien residents." The principles of world law are the principles of thinking Humanity in order to organize it. Of necessity they must be principles of universal validity. I think they will be found to be the principles of reason, right, and justice.

We must revive and reconstruct the political community in the United States because the task before us is nothing less than the organization of the world political community. The proposition to which the Declaration of Independence and Abraham Lincoln dedicated us now extends to the whole world. Once more Americans, on a new scale, have the duty of forming a more perfect union, which will involve establishing justice, promoting the general welfare, and securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to all the peoples of the earth.

---

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Quality Street." 2. Rue Morgue. 3. Vivien Leigh. 4. Memphis, Tennessee. 5. "Main Street." 6. "Sunset Boulevard." 7. Grub Street. 8. Elizabeth Barrett (Browning). 9. "Angel Street." 10. His secretary, Della Street. 11. The Bible (Proverbs xxvi, 13). 12. Fifth Avenue. 13. Irving R. Levine. 14. Philadelphia's Academy of Music. 15. Anne Bradstreet.

# Chess Corner No. 59

IT IS said, with a degree of truth, that the proficiency quota of the expert chess player is in inverse proportion to his knowledge of mundane matters. The great exception was Johannes Zukertort. He spoke more than eight languages, wrote on philology, theology, and social science, was a music critic, received an M.D. for studies in chemistry and physiology, was editor of a leading political journal, was an expert swordsman and pistol shot, and was the best domino player in Berlin. At the age of thirty, he was a military veteran, having survived the Danish, Austrian, and French campaigns of the Prussian army. And, to boot, he played (and lost) two matches with Steinitz for the world chess championship. In this connection, someone remarked: "Did Zukertort really lose to Steinitz? He was beaten the first time when he was not yet Zukertort, and the second time when he was no longer Zukertort!"

Below is one of his brilliancies in which he gives the odds of a Knight.

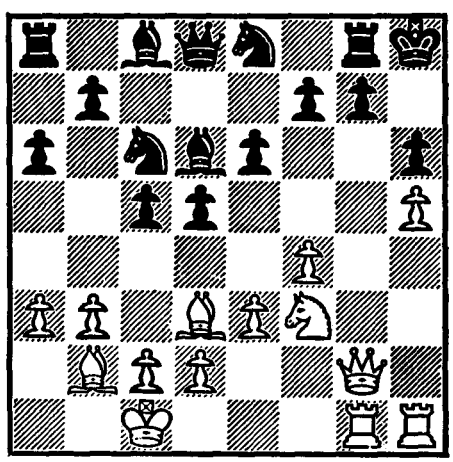
(Remove White's Queen Knight)

BIRD'S OPENING

| J. H. Zuketort White | | Amateur Black | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 P-KB4 | P-K3 | 5 P-K3 | N-B3 |
| 2 N-B3 | N-KB3 | 6 P-QR3 | P-QR3 |
| 3 P-QN3 | P-Q4 | 7 B-Q3 | B-Q3 |
| 4 B-N2 | P-B4 | 8 Q-K2 | O-O |

Up to here, Black has played reasonably well. Castling on the King side, however, divulges the retreat of his King, a strategic error when playing against a champion.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9 P-KN4 | NxP? | 12 P-R5 | K-R1 |
| 10 Q-N2 | N-B3 | 13 O-O-O | N-K1 |
| 11 P-KR4 | P-R3 | 14 QR-N1 | R-KN1 |
| | 15 B-R7!! | P-B3 | |



If 15 . . . KxB 16 Q-N6ch, PxQ 17 PxPch, K-R1 18 RxP mate!

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 16 BxR | K-B | 20 PxP | NxQ |
| 17 Q-N6 | K-R1 | 21 PxNch | K-N1 |
| 18 N-N5 | RPxN | 22 R-R8ch | KxR |
| 19 PxP | N-K2 | 23 P-B7! | Resigns |

—AL HOROWITZ.

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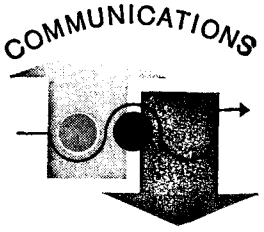
# COMMUNICATIONS

*Communications Editor:* RICHARD L. TOBIN




**SR/COMMUNICATIONS**
**AUGUST 12, 1961**

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An old, old *Post:* April 13, 1907

## *The New "Saturday Evening Post": A Preview*

WE HAVE BEEN given an advance glimpse of the format and planning of the new *Saturday Evening Post,* due for a major overhaul in its September 16 issue. Our informant tells us that the *Post* will stay a text magazine with more illustrations and bigger photographs, whereas the new *Life,* a picture magazine, is now emphasizing increased text. It would seem, therefore, that the two largest weeklies in America will be moving toward each other's format though each has distinct character no change of style or dress could fundamentally destroy.

The most dramatic change in the September 16 and subsequent issues of the *Post* will be in its visual layout, splash of color, and pictorial explosion. It's going to look very little like the old *Post.* The cover will be radically different, with the word *Post* near the center of the page and an occasional surprise replacing the traditional cover painting. This could mean photographs, or even an all-type cover from time to time. The word for the new *Post* will be "unpredictable," and the frozen format will become unfrozen in September. In short, under the direction of its new editor, Robert Fuoss, practically anything goes, starting with the fact that the opening article will be "a blast from seven to ten pages, all of a piece, integrated as to make-up and art work, and radically different in design from anything you've expected to see in the *Post.*" What Fuoss will attempt to do is to free the *Post* of its literary (and artistic) straitjacket. Ben Hibbs did it, with Fuoss, in 1942, the last time the *Post* changed format and content. Hibbs will remain as editor until January 1, when Fuoss takes over formally.

There will be less fiction in the new *Post* and, as in *The New Yorker,* almost none of the pieces will jump; that is, all but the serials and a few features will be contained in continuous pages without leaping to the back of the magazine, as they have always done. Advertisers will like this, too, probably. Indeed, the first issue is going to be a whopper, from what we hear. There will be no change in the basic journalistic principles of *S.E.P.,* but a forest of new features with a few old ones eliminated. The new features include solid pages of cartoons (though "Postscript," the humor page, will vanish); "Speaking Out"—a weekly feature of opinions and quotes from others; "People on the Way Up"; more of the kind of "Adventures of the Mind"; "Face of America"; the photo-story features so popular in recent years; and less Republicanism on the editorial page. Indeed, the *Post* is abandoning the Conservatives and the Republican Party and becoming wholly independent in politics. (Fuoss would have come out for Kennedy had he been editor in 1960, and would equally have given Kennedy the devil for the Cuban fiasco.) Incidentally, the editorial page will be moved to the back of the book.

There will be a new style of text type (Times New Roman, 10 pt. on 11 pt. slug, and 9 pt. on 10 in the carryovers) and the articles and stories will be integrated and designed as though type and illustration were part of the same package, which of course is true. New printer's ink and paper

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will give the *Post* "deep value reproduction" in a maximum of five colors, with an infinite number of bleed pages (that is, the illustrations run right off the edge of the paper). But although there will be many more photos, more splash, greater anticipation in layout, integrated illustration, and enormous variety of typographical treatment, the *Post* will remain essentially a text magazine with the promise of creative freedom, thoroughly illustrated in the most modern sense yet still loaded with reading matter, a *Post* tradition.

Editor Fuoss will eventually have a managing editor, Robert Sherrod, and three assistant managing editors in charge of production, graphics and text in a new editorial line-up. Hibbs will stick around to do whatever needs to be done, in the tradition of George Horace Lorimer and other *Post* greats. One thing is certain: the six and a half million circulation is in for something of a shock but, from what we know, a pleasant one. It is inconceivable that the magazine with the largest newsstand sale in its field and a time-honored editorial tradition like the *Post's* won't survive this thorough and commendable overhauling. From what we've seen and heard, we believe its prodigious two-year effort will succeed magnificently, and we hope it does.

—Richard L. Tobin.

### *Introducing New By-Liners*

THOMAS M. COOLEY II, dean of the School of Law at the University of Pittsburgh, is a frustrated journalist who could write the English language long before he knew his way around a law book. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan (where he edited the monthly humor magazine, *Gargoyle*), and of Harvard Law School (where he was one of Frankfurter's bright young men). After tours of duty in Washington and elsewhere, he became dean of the fast-developing School of Law at Pittsburgh in 1958.

L. L. L. GOLDEN writes regularly on Canadian-American affairs, which naturally interest him because he is a Canadian. He has served as editorial writer for the *Globe* and *Mail* of Toronto, as Ottawa correspondent for *Saturday Night*, the Canadian opinion weekly, and has often reviewed books and contributed lead articles for *SR*, though never before in the Communications Supplement. Besides his free-lance writing, Mr. Golden works at corporate PR.

# Letters to the Communications Editor

### DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

Is it possible that in my old age I'm turning chauvinist, super-patriot and xenophobe? It must be so, for I was certainly irritated by Mr. Tobin's article on Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype machine. (*SR* July 8, 1961)

His article insists on referring to Mergenthaler as "the German schoolmaster's son," and as "this extraordinary German" with his "native mechanical ingenuity," and nowhere in the whole of that article a single word to indicate that the invention of the linotype was not made in Germany but in Baltimore, Maryland.

Nor was anything said of how that invention came about through a man named Clephane of Washington, D.C., who being charged with the frantic business of getting the speeches of congressmen into the Congressional Record, conceived the hope that some day man might be able to typewrite words into metal for immediate printing, just as he was already able to typewrite words onto paper.

Clephane formed a company to develop such a machine, raised money, looked around for a competent mechanic, and found one in the shop of August Hahl, who made electrical equipment for the U.S. government, and also models for inventors seeking U.S. patents.

Mergenthaler was indeed a German by birth, and a watchmaker by training, and had been for a while the repairman for all the government clocks in Washington. He lived in Baltimore, and it was in Baltimore that he built all the many experimental models of his machine, perfecting it over many years.

Some of this story can be found in Roger Burlingame's "Engines for Democracy," and serves to illustrate how the latent genius of a mechanic was aroused when a climate of excitement for progress was created around him. With that kind of a climate aroused in Africa or in China, we shall no doubt see "native mechanical ingenuity" flowering on the Congo and the Yang-tze-kiang. But for the linotype that climate was on the Potomac.

Guy Endore.

Los Angeles, California

Editor's Note: In the Communications Supplement of *SR*, July 8, 1961, ("Denson's Revolution at the *Herald Tribune*"), the statement was made that the "Lively Arts" section of the Sunday paper was being abandoned. Judith Crist, editor of the section, has informed *SR* that this statement is incorrect. What has happened is that the tabloid form of the special section has been dropped, but "The Lively Arts" continues in regular size. "Books" has been returned to a section of its own, and other major typographical changes were made by the HT. But the section remains, along with its editor. *SR* is glad to make this correction.

### MORE ON MAGAZINES

This is just a line to tell you how much I enjoy your Communications Section.

My only complaint is that the section is too heavily loaded toward newspapers, too slim on magazines, when a great many interesting things are going on now in the magazine field.

A case history on how *Coronet* literally went broke because they built up their circulation so fast would make an interesting piece.

Eugene Miller, Director,
Public Affairs & Communications,
McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

### RATING THE PRESS RATING

The "rating" of America's newspapers in the May 13, 1961, issue has left many serious doubts in my mind.

What real value can there be in a rating based on the subjective criteria of "the men and women who teach journalism in our colleges and universities"? How can the reading tastes of 125 journalism teachers who represent a conglomeration of "social scientists, experts in radio and television, former advertising men, public relations wizards, graphic arts specialists, and resident genie in a variety of other subjects, some of them remote from newspapering" be a sound basis for anything but 125 different subjective judgments?

I feel certain that I am not alone in questioning the validity of such a survey because all respondents did not vote on the same newspapers and *none of them* actually used the *same objective* criteria in arriving at their conclusions.

According to the table on p. 60, the *New York Times* is 25% "better" than the *Christian Science Monitor* which is only 4% better than the *Wall Street Journal*, 7% better than the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and 11% better than the *Milwaukee Journal*. While the high score of the *Times* is explained and defended, nothing is said about the *Monitor's* second high total, yet the latter paper has been traditionally regarded as an excellent newspaper. Why this strange omission?

Another point of interest is the presence of the *Wall Street Journal* in third place. How can the readers evaluate this *special* newspaper against the traditional *Times*, the eccentric *Monitor* and the rest of the

(*Continued on page* 48)

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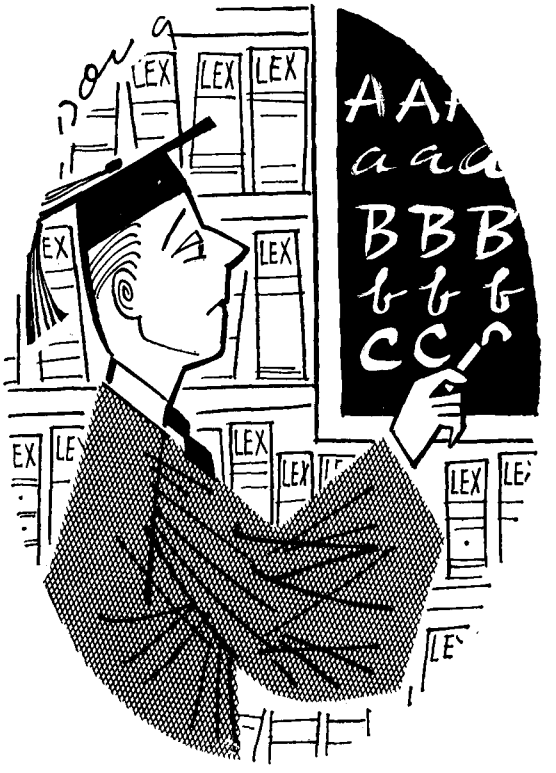
A BASIC COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEM

# A LAW SCHOOL FIGHTS GRADUATE ILLITERACY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standable that his devotion to producing an effective course in the supremely difficult art of clear exposition is less than profound. This situation is not helped by the fact that students and professors alike regard Freshman Composition as something which is over and done with on the final day of class. In courses which come later in the curriculum, students resent as unfair any effort on the part of instructors to require acceptable levels of exposition on examinations or in required papers. The student regards his job of communication as adequate if an expert in the subject can manage to figure it out. The level of his aspiration is "You get what I mean, don't you, Prof.? Well then, what's the fuss about?" The professors almost universally acquiesce.

Thus the English departments are partially and qualifiedly exonerated. If college students learned to organize and express their thoughts understandably through some other disciplinary means, the English departments could go their way and develop their academic values unchallenged. Unfortunately, no such complementary process exists. We no longer teach Latin and Greek—subjects which I am sure have produced better writers of both expository and creative prose than any English course ever devised.

What is missing is a feeling for using language responsibility. College students need to be taught that words, whether written or spoken, are to be used accurately to convey to their recipient what it is that he is to understand.

IT IS easy to assign blame for the fact that college students have no appreciation of this need. The graduate schools blame the colleges, usually pointing specifically to the English departments; the colleges blame the secondary schools; the secondary schools blame the primary schools, and nobody really does anything about it. Even my colleagues at other law schools tend to feel that admonitions to the colleges to get busy on the problem, coupled with efforts to screen out and deny admission to the patently hopeless, fulfill most of their obligation in the premises.

It is our belief at Pittsburgh that the graduate school must, at least for the present, do much more than admonish and screen. All of our law schools continue to graduate every year people who are being sent into the world with our representation that they are qualified to become adequate practitioners, after the accumulation of the requisite practical experience which law schools do not pretend to provide. This representation is false. The law student can go through the standard American law curriculum and emerge just as bad a writer—and thus very nearly as inept a lawyer—as he went in. At the University of Pittsburgh we have determined upon Draconian measures in the effort to do what we can at a point admittedly too late in the student's career. These measures are Draconian from the viewpoint of the faculty as well as of the student. There is no way to learn to write except by writing—lots. This writing must be criticized in detail by persons familiar with the substance of what is being sought to be expressed. Thus when we require, as we do, that every student engage in an active writing program in each of the three years comprising his law school course, we are imposing on law professors a burden of sheer drudgery which only a high degree of dedication compels them to accept. Indeed, we are imposing upon these highly competent—and highly paid—professors a dismal chore usually reserved for badly-paid, long-suffering instructors on the primary and secondary levels. We do so reluctantly, and only because of the conviction that we can no longer turn linguistic deliquents loose upon the world in the guise of competent embryo lawyers.

There is reason to hope, however, that this burdensome program may have at least some of the virtues our Puritan heritage leads us to expect of uncongenial and exacting duty. It has long been recognized by legal educators that students who have done large amounts of legal writing as members of the staffs which edit the school periodicals known as law reviews obtain a training which is markedly superior to those who do not. These periodicals are unique among professional and scholarly journals in that a major portion of their content is edited and published, and much of it is even written, by students; and these law reviews comprise a major portion of the periodical literature of the profession. The superiority attained by their editors seems not wholly attributable to the fact that law review staffs are always recruited from the top level of the student body. The degree of superiority is far greater than can be explained by this fact. It seems clear that the discipline of doing substantial amounts of writing on legal subjects, and being forced to revise and renew until meticulous standards are met, produces a grasp of the substances of law and of the processes of legal thought which goes far beyond the content of the materials with which law review students work. There is something almost mystical in this process. Law review students frequently work so long and so hard on the relatively petty editorial detail which dominates their job that they are literally forced to skimp or omit work on the subject matter of the normal courses of instruction. They nevertheless continue to do exceptionally well in those courses despite the fact that the work they do is seldom directly relevant to the course content.

THIS phenomenon has led some very acute observers of legal education to suggest that perhaps law review work should become the substance of the law school curriculum. It is our hope that the writing program we have initiated can give to all students at least some of the benefits which exceptional students have formerly obtained from service as law review staff members, even though it will not absorb or replace the orthodox curriculum.

The "Legal Writing" courses as they are presently given can be simply described. The student is required to perform a stipulated amount of writing in each of his three years without academic credit. As he progresses he is given increasing latitude in his choice of subject matter and of form. Where capacity and industry coincide he may, before he graduates, be writing publishable legal essays based upon original research which he has himself planned and carried out.

At the initial stages, however, and for longer periods in the cases of students whose accomplishment remains mediocre, a pattern of formal requirements is maintained. A first-year student is put initially to the task of composing a brief, or précis, of an actual legal opinion which is the subject of study in one of his courses. This brief must be in narrative, not outline, form and is acceptable only when it approximates the minimum length within which all the factors relevant to the result reached in the case (the "holding") can be stated clearly. This work has importance quite aside

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from the practice it affords in concise exposition. It begins the long process of evolving in the student's thought processes the sense of relevance which is the distinguishing mark of the well-trained legal mind.

As soon as a rudimentary skill in précis writing has developed, the student is moved on. He will usually continue to brief all the cases he studies in law school, and will develop this skill in his own way. Meantime, it provides the first step in the next and more complex process he must undertake. This is the reconciliation and differentiation of a number of decisions dealing with a common subject. The subject is, again, one taken from one of his first-year courses; and his problem is to analyze and brief the cases assigned and to write a concise statement relating them to each other and explaining the proposition of law for which they may be taken as authority. Usually this statement is cast in the form of an office memorandum—a document familiar in all law firms—which is written by a lawyer in the office for use by himself or others in assessing the legal characteristics of a situation on which a client seeks advice.

FOLLOWING completion of the required office memorandum, the student undertakes a very different sort of legal paper, one which is also, confusingly, called a "brief". In preparing this he takes a step into an area of the lawyer's function which has been misunderstood and derided by laymen ever since law first became an identifiable profession. This kind of brief is an essentially partisan document. Intended for use in persuading a judge that the law requires or permits a decision favoring the client of the lawyer who writes it, the brief analyzes, differentiates, or reconciles a group of cases, and reaches a conclusion as to the proposition of law for which they stand. In this respect it is not unlike the office memorandum. It has, however, this vital difference. It is written for the express purpose of persuading the judge. The law deduced from the cases is so presented, by arrangement, emphasis, and interpretation as to favor the result sought by one client and to discredit that sought by his opponent. This invariably strikes the layman (and often the student) as an exercise in intellectual dishonesty.

This is not the place to attempt any elaborate defense. The presupposition upon which such documents are written and used is that a lawyer on the other side will be engaging in the same process, that neither lawyer will actually misrepresent the nature of the cases on which he relies, and that the two briefs will thus mark out for the judge the boundaries of an area of uncertainty in the law within which he can legitimately be persuaded to incline the course of his opinion toward the side of one of the contestants.

Whatever the legitimacy of these presuppositions, the art of writing a cogent brief without violating them—one, that is, which is persuasive yet does not misrepresent—is a difficult one. Here, again, the student is allowed to proceed to further steps before anything like mastery of the technique is attained.

Following the successful completion of a brief, there is a return to objective analysis again. At this point a case is assigned which is not a part of any course; and the objective is a critical evaluation of the decision in the light of previous authorities on the same subject. Answers are sought to such questions as whether this case contradicts previous ones, whether it advances the law along lines pricked out by its predecessors, or, perhaps marks the beginning of a new direction in the development of the law in its area.

By this time the student is approaching the end of his second year. From here on he may proceed to somewhat more difficult exercises of the sort already undertaken; or, if he has ability, he may proceed to considerably larger and more complex problems. He may submit, in fulfillment of the writing requirement, case analyses or other writings done as a member of the law review staff, or papers required in seminar courses. As I have already said, he is encouraged to go to the limit of his ability in doing independent legal research and giving concise and understandable expression to its results.

It would be pleasant to say that this process, arduous for student and professor alike, produces polished or at least competent legal authors. It does not. Occasionally a substantial legal essay of publishable caliber is turned in. More often the work of third-year students indicates an understanding and avoidance of the more inexcusable opacities and circumlocutions of the legal style affected by inept lawyers (and even professors and judges). But in all cases we have the satisfaction of knowing that something has been attempted which plainly needed doing.

WE cannot doubt that the ultimate product is at a minimum less bad than it would have been if the effort had not been made. We live in the certainty that writing is the way to learn to write, and in the hope that each quantum of writing required will prove cumulative in the acquisition of skill. Our insistence that all students at the University of Pittsburgh Law School do a substantial stint of writing on legal subjects under critical eyes may, hopefully, produce some better services to clients, some more comprehensible arguments to judges, some minor access of clarity in a few judicial opinions. If so, and if we are here to see, and have means to know, we shall be content.

"I guess you'd better make that instant, Mabel."

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# RISE OF THE TALKING BOOK

By JOHN TEBBEL

ANYONE with a memory long enough to embrace the early days of phonograph recording which followed Edison's first ventures with the wonderful cylinder will certainly recall the tinny voices that brought a new world into many a remote living room. It was the world of the spoken word.

Before radio came with an ever-flowing Niagara of verbiage, the non-urban ear, accustomed only to commencement oratory and the glories of chautauqua, heard on Mr. Edison's thick platters the voices of Shakespearean actors declaiming the music of Avon in a late-nineteenth-century style now happily departed. Children listened to carefully selected moral tales read by anonymous ladies in the foreign accents of the theatre, which most of the young listeners had never heard and some were embarrassed by.

More popular than these, however, was the humor, or "humorous readings," as the label assured us. Edison's "Uncle Josh" series was matched in popularity by Victor's famous "Cohen on the Telephone," and later the recordings of Moran and Mack, the "Two Black Crows," made humor on records a major seller. It may be a sign of the times that humor is no longer a best-seller in the spoken word, but it has not disappeared. It is merely being overwhelmed by a small avalanche of talking records that is slowly becoming an important, if limited, market, with growth possibilities of unknown potential.

Humor remains a comfortable seller on single records, with the voices of such contemporary Uncle Joshes as Shelley Berman and Bob Newhart, but the new trend in the recorded word is the multi-record talking book. This, of course, is a development made possible not only by the rise of the long-playing record itself, revolving at 33 1/3 r.p.m., but by the further technical improvements which have resulted in recording speech at 16 2/3 r.p.m., a speed available on most record players.

The Library of Congress was the major pioneer in talking books, beginning in 1934 with its splendid service to the blind, furnishing them with players as well as recordings on loan, without charge. In little more than a quarter-century, this enterprise has grown to a library of more than 3,000 recordings of books read by volunteer readers, and in this fiscal year the Library will spend $750,000 on new records and $500,000 for players.

Commercial recordings have made available, both to the blind and the sighted, a substantial library of the recorded word, with a range encompassing not only books, but plays, stories for children, poetry, the voices of contemporary history, and a whole curriculum of self-education which includes languages, typing and shorthand courses, anthropology and art history, among others.

Shorter items are more in the province of the large record companies, who believe the talking book market is not yet large enough to be profitable for them. In this commercial field there are already specializations, like Caedmon Records, of New York, the much publicized firm begun by two Barnard girls, who in nine years of steadily growing business have put on records the voices and work of the leading literary figures of our time.

THE major companies have taken shrewd advantage of the recording already done for them by television and radio. Columbia's "I Can Hear It Now" series deftly utilized the narration of a familiar television figure, Edward R. Murrow, to bind together the recorded voices and events of history in the first decades of this century. More recently, Decca has skilfully adapted the sound tracks of NBC's television interviews with famous men, called "Wisdom," to the uses of 33 1/3 recording, including conversations with Carl Sandburg, Dr. Harlow Shapley, Jawaharlal Nehru, Jacques Lipchitz, David Ben-Gurion, Frank Lloyd Wright, Bertrand Russell, and Sean O'Casey.

Talking books themselves have become largely the province of two companies, the Audio Book Company, of St. Joseph, Mich.; and Libraphone, Inc., of Long Branch, N. J. Perhaps not surprisingly, the talking and printed book businesses are similar in many respects. Both are comparatively small in their respective fields, but both are growing. (Audio sold 50,000 volumes in 1960, double the previous year, and expects to sell 15 per cent more in 1961.) Both have a relatively small return on investment. Audio's "Alice in Wonderland" has sold 30,000 copies in four years and grossed $27,000, as against direct costs of $21,000, not including advertising and overhead.

The continuing best-seller in talking books, as in the printed variety, is the Bible. Audio's version has already sold 100,000 copies, in an album which includes 27 hours of listening. A Catholic edition of the Bible is contained in thirty seven-inch records, pressed on both sides. It sells for $34.95, the highest-priced item in the field.

There is a remarkable variety of prices and titles, as well as voices, among the talking books. The high-priced Bible is balanced by Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," at $1.49. Four hours of Ralph Waldo Emerson is on the opposite side of the coin (the flip side) from five hours and a half of Mac Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants." Mark Twain is popular, not only in Hal Holbrook's Broadway re-creation of the Twain lectures, but in "Tom Sawyer" which requires eight hours of listening time.

The voices are not always famous names, because of the relatively small professional fees that the small companies, especially, are able to pay. Nevertheless, there is the inevitable Raymond Massey reading of Lincoln's speeches, the late Ronald Colman in Shakespeare's 154 sonnets, and Basil Rathbone's complete "Sherlock Holmes," as well as the shorter albums of Shakespearean excerpts by John Gielgud, and soliloquies from "Ulysses" read by Siobhan McKenna and E. G. Marshall—these among many others. Shakespeare has recently enlisted the voices of well-known actors in both New York and London, in ambitious enterprises involving recording of the complete plays.

Who listens to all these voices? No one is exactly certain. There are reports of businessmen and other culture seekers who take doses of recordings as they do adult education courses, and of busy housewives who listen as they work, operating on a higher level than the conventional busy housewife with her radio and television. Others buy talking books and other spoken-word records for the pleasure of hearing professional readings, a nineteenth-

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century amusement which has been having a revival in the theatre with actors who read from Dickens, Twain, Sandburg and others. Even the Bible has a different sound in the voice of Charles Laughton.

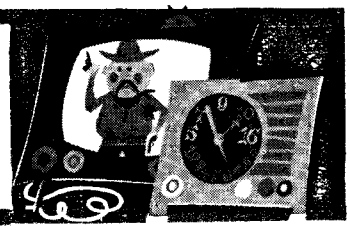
Whether there are deeper psychological needs being satisfied by talking books is a matter of debate among the sociologists and psychologists who have taken any note of it. It may be that an entirely new market for books is being opened up by recorded speech which reaches people who are more perceptive auditorially than visually.

On the other hand, there are viewers with alarm who regard the talking book as simply another step toward man's ultimate immobilization, in which state he will be transported from place to place by automatically guided cars, fed by capsule, and relieved of his business routines by machines which perform them better. Already, say the alarmists, a man with perfectly good eyes and hands is no longer compelled to use them in the exertion of holding a book and reading it. With a record changer, he can lie flat on his back and "read" for as much as 27 hours at a time.

In the near future, as the result of new developments, he will be able to absorb books more easily, more cheaply, and for even longer periods of time. The *Wall Street Journal* recently reported a process, still experimental, known as the "electronic page," using plastic or high-grade paper on which electronic notations are "printed" magnetically by high-speed rotary presses. A scanning device then "reads" the pages, reproducing them in sound. The master would be made by reading, so that no typesetting would be involved, thus making it possible to "set" a book on pages from manuscript by the human voice. Since these sheets would cost only a fraction of a cent each, compared with twenty cents for a twelve-inch vinyl record, and a much higher figure for a book page after all costs are included, the result would be an "electronic book" produced far more cheaply than the conventional printed book. It is possible to print a full-length novel on eight of these pages.

Another development is the recent announcement by Peter Goldmark, the genius who developed the long-playing record, of a new tape and tape-reproducing machine which threatens to make obsolete Mr. Goldmark's earlier invention by putting all recorded sound on long-playing tape which would be played back through a self-changing device not much larger than the small tape reel itself. Thus an entire library of talking books on tape would occupy no more than a shelf or two.

# Audio/Video



## Messages About Messages

IN A WORLD which communicates massively, even professional broadcasters forget occasionally that there are two shades of meaning to the word "communication." Shade A refers to the message itself. Shade B defines the message *about* the message, the shrieking-sirens escort of promotion required to clear an avenue between sender and receiver. CBS Television stations, in presenting "The International Hour," one of the most noteworthy adventures of the summer season, have come down with commendable force on Shade A but rather too lightly on Shade B. The outlets owned and operated by the network in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Los Angeles are currently broadcasting, in the same order, but at different times on weekends, a dozen examples of television programs produced by foreign systems for their own domestic consumption. A spokesman for the CBS stations said that the response on nearly all of the programs shown thus far has been poor. Press reviews in the five cities have been generally very favorable, but ratings have been low and letters scarce.

The series will end in mid-September when the professional football season begins. The stations and the foreign broadcasters, who provided the programs in a barter exchange, will then assess the accruing mutual satisfactions and decide whether or not to have another go at it in the future. Certainly the CBS stations had no unwarranted expectations in presenting "The International Hour" on Saturdays or Sundays around the noon period during the summer outdoor playtime season. The hour-long programs were selected for quality and significance in most cases, and marked for "culture." Merle S. Jones, President of the CBS Television Stations Division, thought he had found a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation program that could compete successfully with the popular "Prime-Time" shows. He preempted the network's "Gunslinger" on a Thursday night in July in favor of the CBC program, "Sir Thomas Beecham Presents Lollipops." This was a 1959 broadcast in which the famous conductor, on his eightieth birthday, led the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in a program of his favorite encores. The hoped-for upper-brow audience failed to flock to the CBS channels, according to the rating. The event underscored trade criticism that viewers who are most verbal in demanding quality programs are seldom there when they are presented. This is a familiar charge, and can take debates around Robin Hood's barn. The point here is that perhaps the CBS Stations, which failed to give the series "Shade B" treatment, share the debit for the public's low-pressure response to "The International Hour."

Quality is abundantly present in the series. "Music in the Wall," another Canadian export, teaches a tender, much-needed lesson to parents and children about the clash between cultural conformity and artistic talent. Canada's National Ballet vivaciously danced "Pineapple Poll," a spoof of the British Navy based on assorted works of Gilbert and Sullivan; and the Japanese Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra played contemporary Japanese and Western music against a striking palette.

Although this is an anthology-series, the CBS station in New York presented it without an identifying, recurrent feature or brand-image. "The International Hour" is an ambiguous title, susceptible to misinterpretation as a news or documentary broadcast. The individual programs, without proper pre-sell, are unfamiliar, uncertain experiences. The broadcasters cannot present excellent but superficially touted programs and entirely blame the targeted minority audience for not appearing. Merchandising is as important in broadcasting as product. Press information at normal depth is not sufficient. The run-of-the-mill commercial shows are accorded on-the-air, spot announcement, saturation campaigns as well as prominent paid advertisements in the newspapers and magazines. To market so very special a package as foreign quality programs requires patience and penetrating promotion. Under a more attractive title, with perhaps a native host as a focus, and better messages about the message, the CBS Television stations could find—and hold—a loyal and very appreciative minority audience for multi-national cultural communication.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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# The U.S. Press and the Tractor Deal

By ELMO ROPER

FOR A TIME after Fidel Castro put forth his tractors-for-prisoners demand, it looked as if the exchange would go through. An eminent committee, consisting of Eleanor Roosevelt, Milton Eisenhower, and Walter Reuther, was formed. They had the quiet, but by no means secret, backing of President Kennedy, and they secured thousands of contributions. But then, at the last minute Fidel Castro sharply and unreasonably raised his demands, and the Committee refused to go along with these new demands.

If that is your understanding of approximately what happened on the lamented tractors-for-prisoners exchange, it is very much like the impression of nearly everyone with whom I have talked. (The opinion-research firm with which I am associated has not done a survey on the matter.)

The fact of the matter is that this is not what happened at all on the tractors-for-prisoners exchange. Fidel Castro, while he can be criticized for many things, including making the demand in the first place, cannot be criticized for *raising* his demands. A review of the *New York Times* stories, and, it should be added, a *careful* review of them, will show what actually happened.

The *New York Times* printed an AP story, datelined May 17, which said that Premier Castro offered to "exchange his prisoners . . . for 500 bulldozers from the United States." The same story quoted Fidel Castro as saying, "If President Kennedy says they are his friends and he loves them so much, let him send 500 bulldozers and we will send them back." The subheadline said, "Will exchange invaders for 500 bulldozers, he says." Note that the word was "bulldozers," not "tractors."

On May 22 the *New York Times* stated that the newly formed Committee hoped to "raise almost $2,000,000 through volunteered contributions to purchase the tractors." Note that here the word is "tractors," but note also that it is not Castro's word. A second story in the *New York Times* on the same day said, "No one here was willing to set a figure on the total cost of the operation." The antecedent of "no one" was "Cuban and American sources," and the story was datelined Miami Beach.

On May 22 the Committee met with the Cuban prisoner delegation sent to the United States to negotiate the exchange. The *New York Times* story which referred to this meeting spoke of Castro's demand for 500 "D-8-Super" Caterpillar tractors or equivalent models made by several other firms. The *Times* said, "This is the next-to-largest tractor made by Caterpillar and is used as a construction bulldozer rather than as a farm tractor. Caterpillar, which estimated it could fill the order for 500 tractors in four to six weeks, placed the cost of one tractor at about $40,000." In this latter sentence the *Times* used the word "tractor" to mean "bulldozer." At the price quoted by Caterpillar, the 500 bulldozers would have a value of $20 million, which is substantially more than the $2 million the Committee hoped to raise. In the same story the *Times* also related the surprise of the Committee at "the insistence on this type of tractor, since it seemed more adapted for heavy construction projects than for agricultural work." But it also reported that Mr. Reuther "made clear, however, that the Committee felt obligated to ship the larger-type tractors if they were the ones wanted by the Castro government." To this point in the proceedings, the only mention that had been made of tractors for agricultural purposes was made by Americans. Castro never said he wanted agricultural tractors. The word he originally used was "bulldozers," and what he subsequently specified was "D-8 Supers." The *Times* commented, "The exact amount the group will have to raise has not been determined. It could run as high as $20,000,000 if Premier Castro insists upon receiving the extremely large, track type of bulldozer suggested in his original proposal." Note the words, "track type of bulldozer suggested in his original proposal," and particularly the words, "his original proposal."

ON MAY 24 the *Times* reported, "The prisoners brought with them vague specifications calling for 200 Caterpillar Tractor Company D-8-Super tractors equipped with discs for plowing, and 300 tractors of the same type equipped with bulldozer blades, presumably for other types of farm work. These specifications, conflicting with earlier reports that Cuba wanted road building equipment, left the Committee confused as to what was actually required." Note here that the original demand was purported to be for road building equipment, not farm purposes.

The negotiations steamed along, as did the newspaper reports of them, until on June 9 the *Times* said, "The message to Dr. Castro made it clear that the committee proposed to ship only agricultural type tractors rather than the heavy-tracked tread tractors suitable for earth moving and construction work sought by the Cuban leader had said he wanted [sic]." And later in the same story, "Spokesmen for the Committee here estimated that the total cost of the agricultural tractors would be between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. The cost of supplying the heavy-duty tractors would amount to something above $20,000,000, they said."

The whole proceeding finally came to a boil on June 14th. The following day the *Times*, in a story headlined, "Castro Revises Tractor Demand," pointed out that the Committee had "refused to provide the heavy bulldozers originally requested." Further on it said, "Dr. Castro said he estimated the value of the 500 bulldozers at $28,000,000. He then explained that he would accept $28,000,000 worth of the smaller machines"—the smaller machines being the type of agricultural tractor the Committee had proposed to substitute for the bulldozers Castro had demanded.

On June 16 in a story headlined, "Tractor Experts Return with Castro's New Demands," the *Times* said, "Yesterday he (Castro) said he would go along with the committee's offer to supply small farming tractors, but he added a costly provision: the small tractors, not including transportation expenses, would have to cost $28,000,000, the figure he assigned to the bulldozers." At this point the only discrepancy in dollar figures was that Castro placed a $28,000,000 valuation on the 500 bulldozers; whereas the manufacturers of those bulldozers placed a $20,000,000 valuation on them. The *Times* reported, "when asked about the $28,000,000 estimated cost of the tractors, Ulises Carbo, leader of the prisoner delegation, replied: 'The tractors are worth $28,000,000 in Cuba; they are much cheaper here.'"

The "new demands" which the *Times* headlined actually constituted acceptance by Castro of the tractor Committee's condition that they would not send

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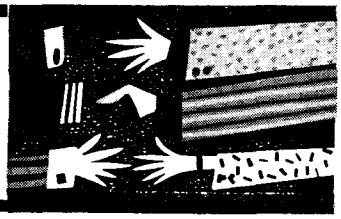
bulldozers which could be used for military purposes, but would only send agricultural tractors. Castro did not accede to the Committee's proposal of 500 such tractors, but rather stuck with the dollar valuation he placed on his original demand, which when converted to smaller agricultural tractors meant significantly more than 500. This the *New York Times* labeled, "new demands." But their treatment of it was mild as compared with what others did. Specifically, the *New York Herald Tribune* put in its headlines, "Fidel Ups 'Ransom' Tenfold." *Life* magazine said, "Castro also upped his ransom for 1173 captured rebels. A U. S. team for the Tractors for Freedom Committee had come with a promise of $2.5 million worth of tractors. Castro gleefully sent them home with a fresh demand for $28 million worth."

If you were like the many people with whom I have talked who genuinely thought that Castro reneged on his own proposal and raised his demands, it is easy to see how you arrived at that conclusion in light of such reporting of the happenings. The handling of the "tractors" exchange by a large segment of the nation's press (the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and *Life* are not alone) was at least loose and misleading, if not actually irresponsible. The fact that Americans are always receptive to liking the good guys and booing the bad guys and that Castro is a "bad guy" does not excuse the press for distorting what actually happened. In fact the press might well consider it a special responsibility to present the facts all the more clearly when the bad guy is not at fault. Obviously I don't mean that Castro was not at fault in making his original demand. I merely mean that he did not *change* his terms. It is comforting to Americans to think that we are right and our adversaries are wrong, and the press can find a ready market for such stories. But in a democracy such as ours, which depends for its ultimate success on a well-informed electorate, it is essential that the "free press" of which we boast be also an *objective* press that reports the facts *honestly*. Castro is difficult enough to deal with when he is clearly understood. He will be impossible to deal with if he is misunderstood as a result of the way our press reports the facts.

In and of itself the impression created by the press reports of the tractor incident may not be particularly harmful. But it is an example of the power the press has both to inform and to misinform, and hence it underlines the tremendous responsibility the press must bear for seeing that the facts, both pleasant and unpleasant, are fairly and objectively presented to the public.

# Public Relations



By L. L. L. GOLDEN

PUBLIC RELATIONS practitioners have almost an obsession with their status in the community. They worry constantly about acceptance as a profession and they swing wildly between those who claim black magic in changing public attitudes and those who see themselves as simply performing a useful function for management.

In October, 1955, the *Public Relations Journal* celebrated its tenth anniversary with a special issue on "Public Relations—What's Ahead?" The Public Relations Society of America, publisher of the *Journal*, carried a message from its then president, George M. Crowson which said: "It has been a decade of progress in public relations—progress in winning recognition and acceptance, in the evolution of our skills and techniques, and in ever-increasing dedication to the creation of a more perfect order on earth based upon understanding and good will among all men."

Now as against that high falutin' statement read this of June, 1961, from John Moynahan on acceptance of the presidency of the New York Chapter of the Public Relations Society of America:

"It is no secret that public relations does not enjoy in all spheres the status we would like it to have. Clearly there are reasons for this situation. The first reason, of course, is that there are altogether too many people in this field who call themselves public relations practitioners who are no more qualified to perform their duties than I am to perform an appendectomy. They are the incompetents, the blue-sky salesmen, the touch-and-go types who conveniently use the name of public relations for their very un-public relations activities. They have *no* qualifications; they make no effort to live up to the code of the Public Relations Society of America. And yet we—all of us under the public relations umbrella—must suffer the slings and arrows intended for this small, inept coterie of bunglers."

Both statements are of course extreme. The public relations business is new; it is impossible to set standards of entrance for it, and unwise if it were possible. There are honest, first-rate people in the field of counseling and in corporations who perform an important service to their employers comparable with that of any other segment of business.

Yet everyone who has had any real experience in the field is fully aware of the fringe operators, often successful, who function in public relations.

The Public Relations Society has a new Code of Professional Standards for the Practice of Public Relations. It was ratified in 1960 by the PRSA Assembly. In essence it is a declaration of principles which says that all members ought to be guided by accepted standards of honesty. There is no record of anyone's having been expelled from the Society for unethical practice.

No one knows just how many people are in the public relations field. The PRSA itself has 4,200 members and 46 chapters. Estimates have varied from 50,000 to 100,000 for the number of people in the business. There is a proliferation of courses being given at schools and colleges in public relations but there is no clear evidence of improvement in the quality of performers.

Management usually gets the kind of public relations people it wants and deserves. Good management will usually retain a good firm or hire good employees in its public relations departments. Others will get bags of wind, the con-men, the fast corner-turners, the self-promoters, the caterers to the chief executive officers' vanity.

The long-headed men in public relations fully understand the problems of their business. They know that it is a business which deals in imponderables and so it is impossible to prevent innocent management from choosing bad firms, or the poor practitioner. They know that, in some part, the reputation the public relations business has is due to the wild claims of omnipotence of some of those in the field; and by no means are those claims put forward alone by those outside of the PRSA membership.

They are also not seriously concerned whether they be called a profession or business or craft. They also know that tested techniques, long range policies and better people in the field all take time to develop and that those who think of public relations in terms of the legal profession or medical profession are just wasting their time, at least for the present.

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# Criticism

*Continued from page* 11

Jr., and M. D. Beardsley. In an essay called "The Intentional Fallacy" they asserted that "The design or intention of the author is neither available nor desirable as a standard for judging the success of a work of art." They admitted that the psychology of composition was sometimes a valid and useful study, but they described it as "an art separate from criticism . . . an individual and private culture, yoga, or system of self-development which the young poet would do well to notice, but different from"—and I italicize their words—"*the public science of evaluating poems.*"

Now, "public" implies that the critic should be objective and impersonal. "Science" implies that he administers a body of universal laws, the truth of which can be demonstrated by quantitative measurements. "Of evaluating poems" implies that judgment or evaluation is the critic's essential task. Each of these implications, it seems to me, is based on a radical misconception of what the critic is able or entitled to do.

Since his judgment of a work starts with his own reaction to it, he cannot, in practice, be purely impersonal. He is not entitled to speak of criticism as a science. As Paul Valéry said many years ago, "There are sciences of exact things, and arts of inexact things." The best of criticism is inexact. In these days, however, everybody wants to be a scientist and move in the air of terrified respect that surrounds the men who split the atom. Every school of the humanities wants to share in the huge endowments of the new physics laboratories and cancer-research institutes. Inevitably some of the humanists begin to speak of their work in scientific language, as if it were performed with micrometric gauges, electronic computers, and balance pans in a vacuum. But there will never be a science of taste or of belief or of the arts of language. There will only be critics who talk like scientists and some of whom end by achieving the wooden arrogance of minor critics in the eighteenth century, who also thought they were expounding the laws of universal and unchanging wisdom.

Evaluating poems and novels is not the central task of a critic. Rather than judgment that task is interpretation and definition. The first question for a critic to answer is not "How good is this poem?" but simply "What *is* this poem, in structure, in style, in meaning, and in its effect on the reader?" Judgment is the end of the critical process, but if the work has been defined and interpreted correctly, then judgment often follows as a matter of course. For example, if one defines a certain novel as "A rapid sequence of events that offers no opportunity to develop the characters in depth," one does not have to add that it is a minor work of fiction.

IN deciding what a novel or poem *is*, we cannot accept the author's testimony as final, knowing as we do that authors often intend one thing and end by producing another. We think of all the authors who intended masterpieces, as compared with the small number of masterpieces, and we also think of Mark Twain, who intended a boy's book and brought forth an epic. Nevertheless, if the author has offered his testimony—in letters, in outlines, in journals, in public statements—it is probative evidence and we cannot simply throw it out of court. If we fail to consider it we may, like many recent critics, fall into the opposite or unintentional fallacy by substituting our own story, our own creation, our own fantasy for the book that was actually written by the author.

SOME years ago Stanley Edgar Hyman, always a lively critic, wrote a long and favorable review of a book called "The Disguises of Love," by Robie Macauley. He presented it as a novel in which "accounts of homosexual relations are disguised as accounts of heterosexual relations," since, the reviewer explained, owing to American prudishness "our authors have no choice but to metamorphose gender." Therefore the heroine's name, Frances feminine, should be altered to Francis masculine by any discerning reader. In the following issue of *Hudson Review* the author protested against this distortion of his meaning. No homosexuality was involved or implied in the story. Frances feminine was Frances completely female.

The reviewer was not in the least disconcerted. He answered in part, "I am sorry that Mr. Macauley, for whatever reason, prefers not to have written the interesting and complicated novel I read and tried to describe, and prefers instead to have written the poor thin novel he describes. . . . Mr. Macauley is not the first novelist to have builded better than he knows or will admit; nor will he, probably, be the last." And then this manifesto, from Mr. Hyman, of complete critical independence: "I am not prepared," he said, "to be scared out of a critical reading of a novel by the author's waspish insistence that it is not *his* reading."

Authors haven't much chance with critics who throw their evidence out of court as insubstantial, immaterial, and incompetent. What Stanley Hyman did for a single book (not without a gleam of mischief in his style), Leslie A. Fiedler has done solemnly for American fiction in general. In a work almost as long as Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," he has proclaimed that all our great novelists were sexually immature, that their work represented an escape from a female-dominated world into male companionship, and that "The Last of the Mohicans," "Moby Dick" and "Huckleberry Finn" are al-

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most identical fables of homosexual miscegenation. Mr. Fiedler's book is a final exploit of criticism cut loose from its moorings and sailing across the moon like a Halloween witch on her broomstick.

Although it seems impossibly far from Mr. Wimsatt's sober and quasi-scientific type of criticism, still it results from the same doctrine, namely, that an author's intentions should be utterly disregarded. The effect of the doctrine is to deprive the author of all property in his work from the moment it is printed. It becomes the property of everybody and nobody, but it doesn't long remain in that situation. Soon it is seized upon by critics, who claim the privilege of reinterpreting and in fact rewriting it into something the author cannot recognize. If the author protests, the critic feels entitled to jeer at his "waspish insistence." The critic rules supreme, and his next step—which Mr. Fiedler and others have taken—is to present the author as an immature neurotic whom the critic, disguised as a psychoanalyst, is not even attempting to cure, but is merely exposing to public shame.

I do not propose to offer still another system of criticism to set against those I have questioned. But since this paper started as a confession, I had better state a few of my own beliefs.

First of all I believe that a definition of criticism should be as simple and short as possible. Mightn't it be enough to say that it is *writing which deals with works of art?* Any narrower definition would restrict the liberty of the critic and might also restrict his usefulness.

I believe that criticism should be approached as one of the literary arts. The word "literary" implies that it should be written in the language of English literature and not, like a great deal of recent criticism, in some variety of philosophical or social-scientific jargon. When a critic's language is awkward, involved, and inaccurate, we are entitled to question his ability to recognize good prose. As for the word "arts," it implies that criticism is not a science based on exact measurement. If it is going to be persuasive, however, it had better include a great deal of objectively verifiable information.

I DO not believe that it is one of the major literary arts. The major arts are poetry, fiction, drama, and also nonfictional or documentary writing so long as this last is regarded as a field for exercise of the interpretive imagination. Without those major arts, literary criticism would have no subject matter and would cease to exist. Therefore a critic cannot afford to be arrogant. He is dealing in most cases with better works than he has proved his capability of writing.

I believe that the first of his functions is to select works of art worth writing about, with special emphasis on works that are new, not much discussed, or widely misunderstood. Incidentally, this task is neglected by academic critics, most of whom prefer to write about books already regarded as canonical. His second function is to describe or analyze or reinterpret the chosen works, as a basis for judgments which can often be merely implied. In practice his problem may be to explain why he enjoys a particular book, and perhaps to find new reasons for enjoying it, so as to deepen his readers' capacity for appreciation.

In practice, again, I always start and end with the text itself, and I am willing to accept the notion of the textual or integral critics that the principal value of a work lies in the complexity and unity of its internal relations. But I also try to start with a sort of innocence, that is, with a lack of preconceptions about what I might or might not discover. To preserve the innocence, I try not to read the so-called secondary or critical sources until my own discoveries, if any, have been made.

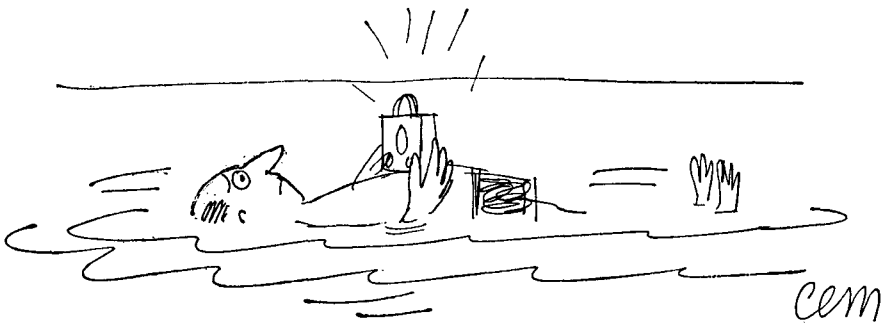
WHAT I read after the text itself are other texts by the same author. It is a mistake to approach each work as if it were an absolutely separate production, a unique artifact, the last and only relic of a buried civilization. Why not approach it as the author does? It seems to me that any author of magnitude has his eye on something larger than the individual story or poem or novel. He wants each of these to be as good as possible, and self-subsistent, but he also wants it to serve as a chapter or aspect of the larger work that is his lifetime production, his *oeuvre*. This larger work is also part of the critic's subject matter.

In this fashion the author's biography comes into the picture, and so do his notebooks and letters. They aren't part of the text to be criticized, but often they help us to find in it what we might otherwise have missed, and they serve as a warning against indulging in fantasies about the text or deforming it into a Gothic fable of love, death, and homoeroticism. We should read not to impose our meanings on a work, but to see what we can find.

Innocence is the keynote, and ignorance that tries to become knowledge by asking questions. We know, for example, that Melville spent about a year on "Moby Dick," and that he rewrote the book from a lost early version concerned chiefly with the whaling industry. We also know that he wrote "Pierre" in about six weeks, working at top speed while on the edge of a nervous breakdown. That of course is biographical knowledge, but aren't we justified in using it? Aren't critics losing their sense of proportion when they discuss both books, the masterpiece and the nightmare, in the same terms, especially if those terms make the nightmare seem more important than the masterpiece? Aren't they wrong to look for the same sort of symbols in "Pierre" that Joyce put into "Finnegans Wake," on which we know that he slaved for ten years?

Innocence is the keynote, but not innocence that refrains from learning about an author's life on the ground that such knowledge would destroy the purity of one's critical method. A truly innocent search might lead us into studies of the society in which an author lived, if they were necessary to explain his meaning. Or again, remembering as we should that a novel or a poem is not merely a structure of words but also a device for producing a certain effect on an audience, as if it were a motionless machine for creating perpetual motion —remembering this, we might try to find the nature of the particular audience for which it was written. That would be deviating into the sociological or affective fallacy, but still it might be a useful and stimulating piece of, yes, critical research.

I believe, in short, that criticism is a house with many windows.

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# Letters to the Editor

*Continued from page 38*

more or less traditional newspapers, some startlingly liberal and "modern"? On what logical basis is the *Journal* the third "best" paper?

Another point to consider is the reading habits of the respondents. How many have time to read several newspapers thoroughly enough over a period of time to judge one against the other on a sound, factual basis? What comparison is there in a first-place vote for the *Milwaukee Journal* by some respondents who may be guided by its traditional high place but who really are not thoroughly familiar with all of its departments and with its current strengths and weaknesses?

And what basis of comparison is there for the reading habits of one respondent in Texas, who perhaps does not read any of the top three or four papers, with one in New York who reads them all, and one in Detroit who reads only one or two of them?

An evaluation to be of real value must be based on objective criteria, i.e., a formula that is applied to all newspapers being checked. Only then is the evaluation truly meaningful in an objective sense.

John Tebbel's evaluation is roughly equivalent to the manner in which many so-called All-America football teams are selected. Newsmen, coaches and others often vote for players they have never seen in action. Even this selection is in some respects more valid because there is some factual evidence printed weekly on the merits of the various players in action, even though not against the same or even equivalent foes.

I agree with *SR* that there is a need to evaluate American journalism and to determine what is happening with traditional standards and what can be regarded as sound criteria for objectively evaluating a newspaper. However, I am quite certain that *SR*'s evaluation is not the answer.

ERIC M. ZALE,
Prof. of English and Journalism,
Eastern Michigan University.
Ypsilanti, Mich.

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MR. ALDEN EXPRESSES a viewpoint [*SR*, July 8, 1961] which, fortunately, is widely accepted in both the publishing and the advertising businesses—that is, that advertisers have a selfish interest in an independent press.

He might equally well point out, I believe, that advertising support is more effective in keeping the press free than is almost any other kind of support one can imagine. And the greater the number of advertisers, and the greater their diversity, the better, because there are conflicts in point of view between advertisers as well as in all other fields. Thus, an editor or publisher trying to pacify one advertiser could very easily be annoying another.

S. R. BERNSTEIN,
Editorial Director, *Advertising Age*.
Chicago, Ill.


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**WHILE CONGRESS** is in session Everyman's Lobby sends you a letter-envelope, pre-addressed, ready for writing your Congressman. A legislation report informs you of major issues. Thirdly, you receive an interesting excerpt from the Congressional Record. Send $2.00 for annual subscription, $5.00 for three years. Everyman's Lobby, 1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

**ART GALLERY**—UN member needs part-time lady director. Profit-sharing. Connections. Box T-818.

**TUTOR**—Must be college graduate with knowledge of child study to tutor normal 8-year old girl. Necessitates living full time in private home in Ohio. Good salary, supplemental benefits, private room and maintenance. Travel U.S.A. and abroad with family. Write giving qualifications to Box T-759.

**LADY, 25, B.S.,** seeks challenging position in France, Switzerland. Research background, experienced traveler, U.S.A. Box T-824.

**LATIN M.A.,** ex-student Academy in Rome, experienced teacher, desires position in academy or college. Box T-825.

**EXPERIENCED** voice and choir director wishes position in NYC area. Male. Box T-826.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**JOB OPPORTUNITIES** in London, Paris! Our overseas contact service will be your secretary, conduct a survey of openings for you in London or Paris. Includes personal contact with employers on your behalf. Write or phone L. Sawyer at International Placement Associates Incorporated, 116 South Michigan, Chicago, Illinois. FRanklin 2-0325.

**MATURE WOMAN,** good disposition and character, who can live and travel with and teach Spanish to delightful American Lady. Connecticut. Please write Box T-589.

**ASSISTANT** to dormitory director, girls' college preparatory school in midwestern city. Good home, salary. Administrative responsibility in near future possible. Ages 35 to 45 preferred. Mother with high school daughter can be considered. Culture, intelligence, understanding of young people. Box T-148.

*(Continued on page 50)*

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# CLASSIFIED

*(Continued from page 49)*

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES**—Lake, Mountain and Meadow; build, remodel, or move in. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

**COZY BUNGALOW,** wooded setting, 10 acres, $15,000. MAhopac 8-6674, N.Y., evenings.

**RETIREMENT FARM**—72 acres. Southern Indiana hill country. Timber, meadows — well fenced — three ponds. Breathtaking views. Century old farmhouse, remodeled for modern living—fireplace, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. French Lick resort area. $20,000. Box T-805.

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**WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT**—Lovely home, furnished, spacious grounds, available September, October. Adults only. Rental for period $600. Box T-722.

**ISLAND HIDEAWAY.** Small villa on castle grounds. Magnificent seclusion. Son Vida, Mallorca. Box T-814.

**SECLUDED COTTAGE,** near mountain brook, beautiful falls, swimming. Accommodates 4, $150 month, available August, September, October or weekly. Write J. Goldman, Jamaica, Vermont.

## APARTMENTS FOR RENT

### Furnished

**NEW ORLEANS**—Historic French Quarter building. Winter season. Box T-747.

## APARTMENTS WANTED

### Furnished

**DUTCH PHYSICIAN,** fastidious family, daughter 12, son 2, suitable apartment September 16th-November 11th, near New York University Medical Center. Box T-775.

## ROOMS AVAILABLE

**BROOKFIELD, CONNECTICUT**—Room, privileges, for quiet woman. Charming saltbox. Cultured home. Inexpensive. References. Box T-816.

**ATTRACTIVE, COMFORTABLE** accommodations for permanent guest. Pelham, N.Y. Genuine home atmosphere; quiet, select neighborhood; pleasant garden, trees. Meals furnished. $55 weekly. References required. Box T-813.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**NORTHERN VERMONT**—Tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, mountain and lake view land, timber tracts for recreation and investment. From 1 to 1,000 acres in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom at $10 per acre and up. Near proposed thruways. For brochure write Box T-584.

## VACATIONS

**BLUEBERRY HILL!** Autumn scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

**SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE,** Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small, secluded, informal. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Folder.

**PELICAN COVE**—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

**LOSE YOURSELF** at Snow Mountain Inn, West Dover, overlooking a marvelous collection of Vermont Mountains. Music Festival nearby. Write for unique brochure.

## VACATIONS

**SUMMER ON FARMS** and hotels welcoming children. Also off-beaten-track resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

**PISGAH FOREST INN.** Always cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

**SPARHAWK HALL**, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Walter D. Abbott, owner-manager.

**STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER** invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

**THE CIVILIZED PLACE** in Miami Beach is the Venetian Isle Resort Motel, 20 Venetian Way, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 8-7261.

**ENJOY** year-round climate in the mountains of North Carolina. We have a small guest home near Asheville. Mrs. Holland, Robinwood, Arden, North Carolina.

**FISHING VILLAGE.** Air, 18th century house, private beach 9 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer—Gaspe Peninsula. And Food. For the creative professional and the non-tired businessman, alone or bringing a family. Accessible by air, highways. June 1st to September 20th. Write us: L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

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**WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE,** an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Breakfast in bed. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

**THE FALES.** Berkshires. Individual cottages—fireplaces—excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

**WINDY HILL,** R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232.

**INTERESTING ACCOMMODATIONS,** animals, food, friends, pastimes. West River Lodge, Newfane, Vermont.

**WATERVILLE INN**—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

**THE CLIFF HOUSE,** Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

**ENCHANTING RUSTIC "RETREAT"** near Tanglewood and all Berkshire Festivals. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of unspoiled outdoors, sports, Hi-Fi music, good food and true relaxation. Swimming, rowing, canoeing, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, chess, scrabble, loafing patio, sunbathing floats. Be a doer, be a loafer, be yourself! A unique vacation spot for 50 business and professional people. Rustic lodge, cottages and cabins. Chanterwood, Box 141, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T. D.H. recommended.

**KANDAHAR LODGE,** Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. New heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

## VACATIONS

**ISLAND VIEW HOUSE**—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure available.

**GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME,** Connecticut. Open all year.

**SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH** comfort; weekends only — unforgettable food. TWIN PALETTE, Mahopac, N.Y. MAhopac 8-2047 (evenings).

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**THE MANOR** in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

**HERITAGE HILL,** Holland, R.F.D. Southbridge, Massachusetts. Rolling lawns, quiet lakes, airy rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN,** directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. Special summer rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE** off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool. 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

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**AROUND THE WORLD,** February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

**GYPSY TOURS**—Mexico: Barranca del Cobre—Fall, Cost: $350. Back country and peak climbing, near Mexico City, Holidays, Cost: $350. Also week trips—Havasu Canyon and Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona—Fall, Cost: $140. WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A.** Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

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**STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK** . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1429

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. Keen appreciation.

B. Coastal city of Maine important for manufacture of canoes, and other things (2 wds.).

C. Figuratively, to make a complete turn (from a nautical expression; 3 wds.).

D. An important control on the old Model T.

E. Barbarian, esp. one of those who overran Rome, early A.D.

F. Dovekies.

G. Where the escapist wants to get (4 wds.).

H. The Proustian character supposed to have been modeled on Saint-Saëns.

I. Ancient city many of whose people burned their "magic" books after St. Paul's preaching.

J. Manifesting a lack of efficiency or thrift in work, etc.

K. Followed by Word P, the pit of the stomach.

L. Inscribe; enroll; record.

## WORDS

155 75 80 49 28 39

189 48 165 200 20 170 207

6 52 133 171 218 82 64 33 69 212 15 112 108

217 14 209 198 156 191 167 202

194 103 84 123

224 169 27 57 30 120 62

204 34 59 124 197 44 31 174 9 140 55 147 22

37 159 91 125 10 70 195 81

106 98 35 173 115 223 128

71 161 76 214 17 193 7 97 180

100 138 216 43 153 114 145 63 8 221 190

213 77 13 118 144

## DEFINITIONS

M. Contrite.

N. Having a spiral form.

O. Where both melody and harmony of music lie (3 wds.).

P. See Word K.

Q. Listen well to iced rain, for this tax on vision.

R. First meaning of this in WNI is "ironweed"! (2 wds.).

S. Narrow sea creature often thirty feet long with a dorsal fin the entire length.

T. More firmly held.

U. Breed of large, hornless, thick-fleshed sheep with short wool (2 wds.).

V. Seat for a big gun.

W. The father of the Maccabees.

X. Inside (of clothing); farther down (on a sheet).

Y. Famous builder known in his youth as Prince Khurram (2 wds.).

Z. Compass of the journeying of Mary's lamb.

## WORDS

53 142 113 26 32 206 99 95 87

11 2 177 149 5 219

183 56 148 141 38 188 208 139 179 102

83 215 187 110 154 105

72 129 111 175 119 158 94 90 107

78 172 186 220 152 132 92 42 4 51

25 68 122 104 40 93 74

16 143 160 18 222 116 121

126 196 50 24 205 157 45 60 135 1 85 211 21

12 101 203 168 163 46 58 127 19 181 131

117 166 73 54 36 184 201 86 192 41

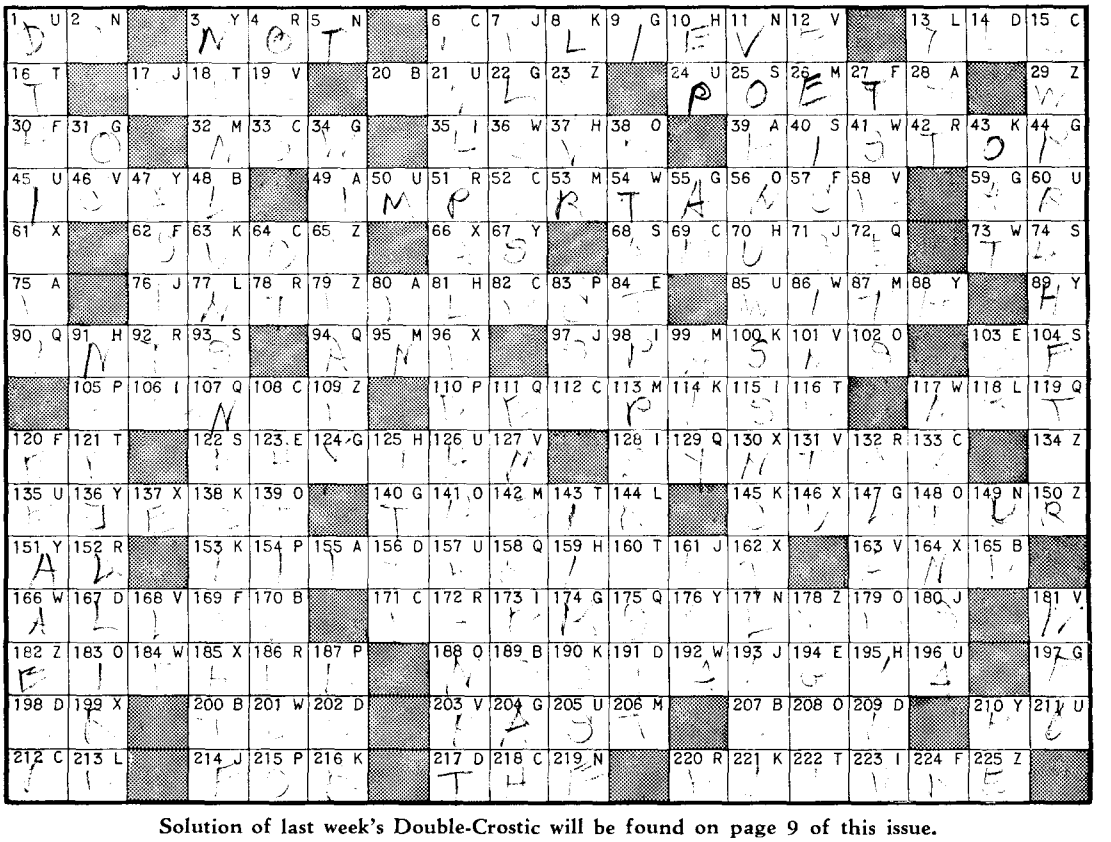
146 130 96 61 199 164 137 66 162 185

67 210 151 89 136 176 88 47 3

109 178 79 134 23 29 65 182 150 225

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.



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